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I AM ONE of your female subscribers. Your August issue displaying Angie Dickinson's device made it very difficult for me to read the magazine at my son's.

Let's be clear, games while waiting for him to be, I had to go to the store. Angie's outfit, my neighbor's God Handing and read it between a rope for line choice: delicious and an article about firing sassy boys—a problem that Mr. Dickinson somehow never encountered.

—MARY FECHNEY
Yuba, Calif.

SINCE FOLLOW North Dakota Angie Dickinson appears occasionally on your Women We Love cover, the August issue has a special appeal. Some of us even prefer the mature actress to the younger beauty.

—MARTIN WALKER
Grand Forks, N. Dak.

First and Foremost

WALTER KRASNER's portrait of the Blue Movie ("Whore: Hillary is She, Anyway?") August is perfect. During the campaign I watched her on the news and told my wife that if Hillary were running, I'd vote for her. That's because I like bright, complex, courageous people willing to find poisonous solutions to intractable problems. As it turned out, I voted for Ford, my wife, Bill Clinton. She was right: We got Hillary!

—ARLON H. LICHTENBERG
Morrisville, N.J.

MY GOD! Are you out of your mind? Hillary Clinton may not be the behind-the-scenes, manipulating, ultra-wealthy, agenda-pushing, happy-clut I think she is, but she is definitely not a "Whore We Love," let alone a Woman of the

Year. She is only where she is today as our political and intellectual culture—a revolutionary, rule-shattering, female personal figure (or perhaps just because her husband, for some bizarre reason, is desirable).

—PAUL A. CLARK
Amerville, Tex.

Portrait of the Artist

JOE WOOD CLAIMS to be John Singleton and the Impossible Greenback Band of the *Assassinated Black Army*. (August) that he "only wants to find out who the brother [John Singleton] is" so do I. Unfortunately, Wood seemed more interested in writing about himself and the color of his writing table. Perhaps the reason he couldn't get the "story" on Singleton isn't that he's a black writer, and that makes whites and their backpicks afraid. Maybe it's that he's got a chip on his shoulder the size of Utah. If he wants sex pigs of *Equipe* devoted to him, maybe he should write an Oscar-nominated screenplay.

—MICHAEL FERRARO
Berkeley, Calif.

JOE WOOD TAKES pains to describe the different shades of black skin: "brown like wet soil," "gray brown," "ash-black." Is doing so he is guilty of the very thing he accuses Singleton's film *Boyz n da Hood* of being: rampant racism? whites don't give a damn what shade of black a person is, their prejudice is blind to such beauty. Nor does whites (of whom there are many, thank God) are not so limited in their perception.

—JOSHUA ELLIOT
Los Angeles, Calif.

WE AS BLACKS must make sure that our artists do not run from their situation and our culture. But regarding our brothers' films: portrayals of them, as Joe Wood has done, is a self-defeating and self-righteous exercise that will get us nowhere.

—DEANNE BILLORE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Fan's Note

THANK YOU for bringing Fred Soley back to us with "Baby's Last Name" (August). When I learned he had died last year I felt a loss. I wrote him about his novel *A First Man* (one of those great you can hardly believe you've found), and a few weeks later I got a call from him at 1:00 A.M. He was drunk as a skunk but more kind than I to my best memories. I was struck by the decency and goodwill of a gentleman whose writing was black and black but so compelling. I will long for that touch of masculinity I like when I discovered him.

—CATHERINE VAN SOESTEREN
La Jolla, Calif.

Editor's Correction: In the August feature "Women We Love" the name Alberta Vergas was incorrectly identified as Antonia Vergas.

Letters to the editor should be mailed with your address and daytime phone numbers. The *Sound and the Fury* August 1990 Women We Love issue New York, NY will be sent to letters may be asked for length and clarity.

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

WHEN DEPUTY White House Counsel Vincent Foster sought solace from the barrel of an antique Colt pistol last summer, the media and the political establishment refused to let him rest in peace. Was his



Gregory Jaynes

death the harbinger of another presidential scandal? Was it a lethal combination of daily 16-hour jobs and a few million punches from *The Wall Street Journal* or *Playboy*—and this would naturally be the most troubling answer—Foster's death was simply the result of his long battle with depression?

To understand Foster's suicide, contributing editor GREGORY JAYNES delved into his past to look for clues ("The Death of Hope," page 54). Jaynes, a twenty-year veteran journalist, grew up 150 miles from Hope, Arkansas, in Memphis, Tennessee. "They speak the same language in Memphis that they do in Arkansas," he says. A former columnist and *Albion New York* columnist for *The New York Times*, Jaynes wrote the American South columns for *Time* for many years and was most recently a correspondent for *Life*.

"The question is always the same with suicide," Jaynes says. "Why?" But neither Foster's earliest days nor his last provided a satisfying solution. Indeed, Jaynes says, "we'll never really know what was going on in his mind as the time between Foster always kept his own counsel."

Our cover story this month, "The Private Michael Jordan" (page 30), is an exclusive peek into the life of the basketball book *How Air: Michael's Michael* (Columbia Publishers San Francisco). Contributed by MARK VANDER, a former Chicago Star Times reporter, *How Air* is the product of more than four months of intimate access and presents revealing images of the superstar by the award-winning Sports Illustrated photographer.



Max Shachteloff

Whereas Jordan Jr. along with Jordan's own words. Why would Michael open up his daily life to such scrutiny? "I really think he wanted to capture part of his life," says Vander. "But not put him and beyond the eyes of his fans."

Clayton Kessner's persistence in spying for the Soviet Union may not be as severe as, say, the Rosenberg's, but twenty-five years in Leningrad doesn't exactly fit his cause, either. Contributing editor ALEX SHCHAGINOFF chronicles the plight of the former Marine guard on page 104 ("The Stenciled Love Song of Pvt. Clayton Kessner"). Shchaginoff, whose parents were White Russians in the Kentucky government (which he wrote about in his book *Rain Blood*), says, "Kessner is the last casualty of the cold war."

Although he logged a lot of columns researching our month's special guide to the best new restaurants in America ("Cheese" page 45), food and travel correspondent JOHN MARLINI once again proves he didn't get a pound Marine's way though, that he's had his fill of "new restaurants that stupidly put food that's good for you on one side of the menu and food that we'll kill you on the other." The second edition of his *Dinner/Dinner* (New York: Bantam Books) is published next year by Bantam Books.

"Trying to get a sense of Martin Scorsese is like trying to borrow a novel through a museum," says contributing editor MARCELLE CLEMENTS, who profiles the *Age of Innocence* director on page 61 ("Martin Scorsese's Moral Sin"). "But once you get in there, it's like the inside of a volcano."

Clements, who writes a column for *Pravda*, says, "I'd come home after talking with him each day and have to take a Xanax." Clements is at work on a book about single women.

MICHAEL SEGAL returns this month with the second part of his "How to Love Robert" package, starting on page 101. The editor of *Living With Death* (New York: Knopf), Segal explains the risks, benefits and dangers of such acts as wearing a seat belt and eating peanut butter. "I was disturbed to learn I'd be taking nine tenths of a day off my life for drinking milk every day," he says, dramatically. "On the other hand, that's easily controlled on by having two drinks a night."

Virtually overnight, Heidi Fleiss became known to millions as "The Hardcore Working Girl at Show Business" (page 66). Contributing editor DIANE K. SHAW gives the inside account of how the cops looked the mercurial madame. "What's most shocking about this story," says Shaw, whose *Tigley & Blue* will be published next year, "is the outpouring of sympathy from a community that tells itself every day."

Finally, CLARENCE GILBERT began sending stories to *Esquire* three years ago, while still a senior at NYU. All she received for her efforts, however, were a few friendly rejection notes from assistant editor Tony Penney. Then, this spring, Gilbert now in "Pilgrims" (page 101)—the story of a young ranch hand and a woman who may be more of a stranger than he is—and her streak of rejection notes ended. For now, the twenty-four year old Gilbert is funding her writing career by bartending in New York's East Village, listening to other people beat her out with their stories. "But," Gilbert says of her *Esquire* debut, "it's nice to tell one of my own for a change." ■



John Marlini



Marcelle Clements



Clarence Gilbert

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Swimming the Channels

It's the content, stupid. —TODD RUNDGREN

HERE'S THE concept: Everybody needs a television channel. On the consumer side, every special-interest group, every fan, gets its own frequency. On the business side, it's like the Oklahoma land rush of 1889, with every media head in the country adding up because there are now only 1,133 broadcast and cable channels in America. What to program doesn't seem to matter much. You can almost hear David Letterman's Top 10s writers brainstorming: Okay, most ridiculous new television channels, counting down from number ten—PTV, the Pet Channel, no, make that the Animal Companion Channel (WOOF-TV). Number nine—the Hillary Channel (HTV). Number eight—the Parking Court Channel (PCTV). Content may indeed be a problem, but as Einstein suggested, everything is relative. Number seven—the Radio Telescope Channel (DIEFTV). No problem, we already have channels to tell us what's on the other channels. Number six—the Nap Channel (SNOOZ-TV).

But wait—in rock 'n' roll you want as many channels as you can get. Witness U2's final 200TV concert in Dublin this fall: seven jumbo-Two screens and twenty-

four smaller ones flashing watch more TV behind the lads during "Even Better Than the Real Thing," and a veritable core dump of images, from Leri Rykenstahl to Australian aborigines to tropical fish, plus minicams everywhere looking back through a tech unit elevated on a dais in the middle of the audience where Mick and Jerry and Bob Geldof watched the show apart from less meaningful celebrities. Number five—the Buttface Channel (BUTT-TV). Anyway, everybody loved the show. And what this all means in light of, say, number four—the Mass Transit Channel (MTTV)—hasn't been that hard to figure for the smart people at MTV who are already planning to broadcast concerts on a number of channels at once so that you can sit at home with your clicker and move from one to another depending on whether you want to see some interesting guitar work or who's trying to get backstage without an all-access pass.

Number three—the Edge Channel (RIFFT-TV).

Think of the possibilities for pro football. Beyond the normal ten-centers coverage with the guys in the trailer deciding what to show you, you've got a channel dedicated to every player on the field. Number two—the Jumbo Elliott Channel (JUGETV). Now we're finally getting interactive TV: you can have a beer and a sandwich with and not have to buy any cheap jewelry. Let's just not try it with Congress. Number one—the Jane Helms Channel (JETTV). —T.M.





MAN AT HIS BEST

EDITED BY ANITA SECLERC

Nordic Poetry. Of Course!

PHIL PATTON Design

Mustang 1994

THE BETTER YOU DO THE ORIGINAL the tougher it is to do the sequel. No wonder the Mustang, the kids pony Ford introduced on April 17, 1964, at the New York World's Fair, has inspired so many over-engineered and under-engineered sequels that they'll shatter the latest Mustang due out on December 17: finally serious family beauty as the bumble breeze car has always offered, along with an apple tree suspension and a 115-horsepower four-liter V-6.

The first Mustang, albeit a cut line by Mustang club worldwide, was treated as the car "designed to be designed by you." The late Lee Iacocca's way of saying that it came with one of the longest option lists in history. The average buyer paid up to \$10,000 in add-on costs to take the 1964 base model. The new car was designed to be designed by you too, but in a different way. And asked how many Mustangs have to choose among their concept models bearing tough guy code names: the dark, flame-style "Mustang" from the concept program, "Rambler" and—unavailable to buyers—the "Arnold Schwarzenegger."

And the answer was: Arnold. The theme in the production model: a thoughtful muscle car with wit. The new car quote and paraphrase the styling cues of the original: scoop sides to open up light; the fudge flip-ups of the rear 3/4 La postmodern pony a nod to the meaning of Mustang and—emphasis—a three-wheel cross on a tandem that includes Wilson Pickett's "Mustang Sally," Steve McQueen in *Bullitt*, and Bill Clinton today: the model, surely kept out of sight from the day he began running for national office.

THOMAS HERRICK: An American legend reimagined—urban style.

PURET? says Phil Lebowitz. "Funny you should ask. You mean Nordic poetry. I assure it's the latest craze. Around my house, that's all anyone is talking about." Consider the periodic vogue for things Swedish—Swedish vodka, Swedish design, Swedish sex films—perhaps this should be no surprise. Lebowitz is a so happens considering the role of moderation for a symposium, with the likes of Anthony Burgess and Susan Sontag, on the very subject of the Nordic Literary Tradition.

Though Norway can lay claim to having invented modern drama and, indeed, has, resulting in its lesser version of sex films and volutes, has the highest number of Nobel Laureates per capita of any country in the world, even traditional modernists aren't seen as coming.

It began last summer when hundreds of poets, virtually the entire canon of contemporary Nordic poetry—were gathered over the transatlantic and landed with a third on the faces of editorial offices.

all over this country. The elegant abstraction of Tasso Thorsen, postwar Europe's most translated poet, the homely verse of Kai-Falk Bergman, of my friend ("In the deep, dark November evening! Shap-shap their cold den wool") The wicked neo-political verses of Sig Lervon. Works from the Finnish and the Icelandic, or

Old Norse jagged by Halldor Kiljanasson in the "nearly extinct language of the great north" from the

Turkish, even the work of the Lapp birds of Sweden.

But the Scandinavian poetry cruise will peak when the Nordic Poetry Festival is held in New York the weekend of October 30. Aside from the symposium, poems from that corner of the world are expected to read, with English translations presented by John Ashbery, the Pulitzer Prize winner and America's leading avant-garde poet, by Derek Walcott, the 1992 Nobel laureate in literature, by Joseph Brodsky the Nu-

Small: Mahlerstein and Leander left; McManamy, Walcott, Lebowitz, and Brodsky below.

bel laureate and former impressionist. So was chairman, and by Kenner McManamy, model prosecutor.

Then poetry show-past old Sweden will be held responsible. Ragna Leander, playwright and former model, and Birger Malmgren, whose collected works will be published next year by former the Knopf of Sweden.

"All this wasn't particularly difficult to pull together," says Malmgren. "Everyone was so friendly. Americans have so many friends—friends, very good friends, but friends."

Next year Leander and Malmgren will voyage eastward to the land where "the redoubtable and Minnowbury once read in secret still with its audience of thousands, Moscow? The World Poetry Festival.

—JAMES LINDVIST



UNDISCOVERED: John Wayne and John Ford on the set of *The Alamo*.

His Own Private Hollywood

WORKING at a five-lane movie photographer for Life and other magazines during the 1950s, Phil Stern approached the most famous stars of his day with a youthful assurance that still jumps out of his images fifty years later.

Some photographers have an object adulation for movie stars and the whole glamour of Hollywood, but to me that's dull," he says. "The best photographs have never been collected in a book. Phil Stern's Hollywood (1991) cut this month from Knopf and they remind us that behind every great movie by thousands of unscripted moments. 19



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THE REAL McCOY, TIMES
THREE AND A HALF.

Notes on Hype

ON FEBRUARY 26, 1976, Luciano Pavarotti and the New York Philharmonic gave a free concert on Central Park's Great Lawn to a crowd of peering, exultant, nervous, and slightly put-off people. At five hundred thousand people, and the media accepted that figure without bothering to reflect that the Great Lawn encompasses at most twenty acres of usable space and that it held a million people every time it was used as an arena, it should be reckoned as a density equivalent to that of 16 people crowded into a telephone booth.

Because it has neither seats nor tiered bleachers, the Great Lawn is a German idea for fireworks: crowd containment. An amateur rally in 1976 was said to have drawn a throng of 750,000, which works out to 54 people on a phone booth. A 1971 Paul Simon concert reportedly attracted the same number, and in 1975 the Philharmonic pulled in a reported 800,000—more than seven times the capacity of the Rose Bowl—which translates into 6 people per phone booth. This is what is known as hype.

Hype is a beast of primitive origin, but the American version, which is typified by unbridled bacchanal, is generally understood to have its origin with P. T. Barnum. This means that, to be exact, American hype was founded in 1851, when Barnum created his first sensation by exhibiting an 80-year-old slave named John Heth, claiming she was the 16-year-old former nurse of the infant George Washington. The public fell for it, which inspired Barnum to make the observation that there is a sucker born every minute. Thus: *quay* because.

THERE'S STILL ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE: Barnum insured a, Sarsaparilla ad, Sweet Smell of Success, with Paul Lancaster would be,

means of hype. Like the cow that falls in the forest and makes no sound, unless someone hears it, likewise, no matter how loud or outrageous is the hype and someone believes it.

Barnum's technique was fireworks-grade, but smoother operators would eventually come along. One was Edward Bernays, a debonair publicist who coined the term "public relations" in 1919 and created a more sanitized form of hype, one that was polite enough to be taught in colleges—which is, in fact, what Bernays did. Bernays was ingenious. In the 1920s on behalf of a manufacturer of bacon he established bacon and eggs as the all-American breakfast. He did it by paying for an independent national survey of doctors, which concluded, not surprisingly, that the ideal nutritional breakfast of coffee and meat was inferior to a more substantial meal that included bacon. Another early PR classic was by Let's suggest to John D. Rockefeller that he might improve his image if he handed out dimes to children in the street; the play transformed Rockefeller from a hated scrooge into a kindly millionnaire.

Ever since the time of Bernays, publicists and PR people have taught a constant lesson for respectability, but they are far over being tripped up by quibbling lines like the one from Susan



Sheld of Susan ("It's a publicity man's motto to be a liar"), by candid remarks made by the leading PR practitioners about how they ply their craft (Society Lane: "You get a show!"), and by the low self-esteem of PR people, as revealed in an industry survey some years back in which PR specialists rated their own occupation ninth in a field of nine professions.

The point, however, is not the respectability of the hypester, but rather the respectability of the public. Europeans look at Americans as a society of glibble people, and there is some truth in that. America is unique among nations in that it was founded on an ideal, however illusory. America is supposed to be the one place on earth where dreams come true. Capitalism is drilled into us as a part of our national character. We want to believe that things are the biggest, the best, the sexiest, the finest. We are the land of superlatives: *supremacy*, *superman*, and the *Super Bowl*. We assume that if something is number one in America it is also number one in the world. The top American boxer is the World Heavyweight Champion, our best baseball team won the World Series. The Dutch writer Jean Gerson observed, during a visit to the United States in 1961, that Americans are prone to self-aggrandizement. Riding in a Ford, Gerson pointed to the dashboard and remarked that it

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M A N A T H I S B E S T

typical American fashion, the model had a conspicuously modest name: *Gelosee*. Gore Vidal put it another way: "America is a nation of losers, a bunch of Europeans who come over, killed the Indians, enslaved the blacks, and told each other lies." Simply put, we Americans thrive on superheroes. Rumans knew what he was doing when he called his circus the Greatest Show on Earth.

Our problem is that, any like other societies, we do not have a long-established cultural history behind us. We lack centuries of accumulated standards to give us perspective, and as a result we are a bit unsure of ourselves. Opinion polls taken after a televised political debate will change sharply once the spin doctors have had their say. We are easily swayed by talking-head news analysis and by reviews of movies, books, and plays. Back in 1961, the *Harvard* Broadway producer David Merrick outlined

us for our dependency on received opinions. When his play *Shogun* for Staging opened to middling reviews, Merrick went out and found seven men who had the same names as New York's seven theater critics, then he wrote one blurb for each of them and published them, along with the men's photographs, in full-page newspaper ads. (Merrick later said he'd been planning that stunt for years but had not seen until the *Times*'s Brooks Jackson remixed, because nobody else had the same name.)

The truth of the matter is that we love hype, even when we know it isn't true. We've come to look upon hype as an art in itself, which is why we celebrate the likes of *Billboard* and *Dominic Toner*. We've stopped asking whether politicians are telling the truth; we simply vote for the one whose face we like the best.

But even hype has its limits. Ben Sonnenberg, one

of the twentieth century's greatest PR men, knew this only too well. Sonnenberg, dressed like an Eisenhower dandy and lived in high style in a thirty-seven-room mansion on Greenwich Park. He was a master at polishing corporate images. Blue-chip companies vied for his services and one of his clients was CBS. About thirty years ago, CBS found itself deeply embarrassed by scandalous reports involving the personal life of its president, James Aubrey Aubrey was asked out of the company, but the

board of directors was still frantic about how to manage the damage from the episode. The story was that the board called Sonnenberg and asked him to tell them—for his customary fee, which was something on the order of \$10,000—what they should say publicly about it. Sonnenberg accepted the assignment and arrived with great fanfare at the CBS board room, where he received his briefcase, scribbled his handwritten remarks, and made the following proposal: "Don't say anything." ■

Street Stories

IN A MORE REFINED DAY, even of letters kept "commemorative" books of spontaneous snippets from their readings. Photographer Lee Friedlander has assembled a visual equivalent in *Letters from the People* (Distributed Art Publishers, 1993), an exquisitely printed volume of black-and-white images of letters from signs, inscriptions scrawled in chalk, and spray-painted slogans. But Friedlander is no gentleman. His literature is that found on the bricks of the alley, the glass of rusty drink containers, and the metal buildings of abandoned "light industrial." He wanders precincts where dirty sidewalks jostle reflections and reflections into impromptu collages. What keeps him safe from cheap irony—even the spray-painted

marking of a monument inscribed with JFK's inaugural address men above clubs—is that Friedlander adds his own visual code. CONNOISSEUR OF THE SLANGY, Friedlander is a superb



Lee Friedlander came to the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis.

memory. But of his shadowy join the orange light shadows of commercial lettering, and slices of his reflected face deface the defacing. He turns graffiti into photography. ■

GO
LOCO!

COMIC ON THE MOVE:
John Leguizamo has a
cut of night hidden up
his sleeve. His dress
trench (page 5) is from
Gle-Silk, the signature of
perennial silk clothing.

IN HIS WICKEDLY FUNNY BATTLES of Hispanic life, *Mambo Mouth* and *Spic-O-Rama*, John Leguizamo portrayed, among others, a nine-year-old nerd named Miggy, an aspiring Elizabethan actor (complete with affected accent), and a hooker. They were Latino mafias immediately recognizable yet surprisingly fresh, as they swaggered around stage begging, grabbing themselves, exploiting their lives, and affectionately exposing the absurdities in Hispanic culture. Next, Leguizamo will stretch his talent for playing outsiders as a hood who idolizes big-time gangster Al Pacino in the new Brian DePalma film, *Carlito's Way*. And his Hispanic dysfunctionals will return in an HBO-produced comedy show called *House of Buggin'*, now in the works. "The one-man show is a form I really love," he says. "It has a caveman feel to it—just you telling stories to the rest of the clan." ■

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M A N A T H I S B E S T

MARK JACOBSON: Off the Charts

Fun, Fun, Fun, Despair, Despair, Despair



WAVE! The Boys, circa 1965, sending out mixed vibrations

GOD CREATIONS, the *Beach Boys* (Capitol) like machos, surf has a long growing season in California, and Brian Wilson has scraped and sown his shock. A Beach Boy in arctic misery, never a surfer hardly a swimmer, shy and staid, Brian nevertheless created a menzhood of cars, girls, and

sun/leaf/breezokiss. It was all sex, of course. Dumb, beautiful, but And therein lies the sad, sad, and story.

At what point did we come to understand that the master scripter of tiny, belated holepunches was actually the most depressed guy in the whole scrap, unromantically seductive Golden State? There must have been early warning signs. Was it obvious as far back as "In My Room," an exceedingly strange, acerbic song for 1965 (it got

no number 25) in which Brian sings of "a world" where he does "my crying and my sighing." If not then, close study on might suggest an onrush of dread failure in 1964's "When I Grow Up (to Be a Man)," in which the loopy protagonist speculates on whether he will "do the same things that scared me as a kid, or will I look back and say I wish I hadn't done what I did."

Picking through the beautifully elegant bones of their thirty-year repertoire of arch-sensibility is the great, great fun, fun, fun of this live CD box set. Poshed (willingly or not) from their small-time summer safety zone by Brian's darling, Colorado/Berkeley-vogue vision (the Char-ler Manson song they

once recorded is not included, alas) the supposedly mild of Boys tread far deeper into the corners of an rock than even the canny Paul McCartney knew paid. Most curious of the tracks are those first prepared by Brian for inclusion in his personal Wastland, the projected, mope, Beate-ven-quishing, yet never released "oceanic symphony to God," little-legendary, more like the original "Surf's Up" and a much-revamped "Heroes and Villains." So far, critics have expressed dismay at the "infrequent, confounding" nature of this material. Not so (unusually) argue (the Van Dyke Parks lyrics are, well, Wilma Black), but this view seems as charitable. The Steve members may indeed be among the least attractive stuff here, but Brian's Olympian stances, the heroic serenity of the stringing, music alone is pop music. After all, he's paid the price. ■

TRIBAL THUNDER. Black Stone (Highland) Once the heaviest of the five, David M. and me and Lucius, time and circumstance, pushed along their words like handbells, still inside the California beach/vibeage. Didi Didi is called Miss Raver, named, that's right, and named, he was chosen the King of Surf Dancer. The Junior. The Junior. The Miss. Didi lived out hours off the White-nose, named with Newport Beach support, but back in the present-day, the most ballsy move still ever to rock Orange

County shore. No lies, Didi got out, saved that pipe down, made it be, you could have every left hand, left hand, right hand, right hand, as they were strong. Now, after twenty-five years, raising him out by Air Force base and living in modern surrounded by signs of mountain home double D is back. With jiffy-ice, sun, a lot by in the middle, getting a playing ponytail, but as with Chris himself, it's only back to the shore. Didi's brand new CD, Tribal Thunder, checked with a finder for some like "Horn," "Blindfold Horn," and "The Elements," is nothing less than good some of your fun, fun, fun in a burning down Highway in a hundred miles in love with Ray Hobbins the school, it



BOOKS

Femme Fatale

NICO'S LAST SCENE

JAMES SCOTCHDOPOLE'S *Nico: The End* (Overlook Press) is a cool literary masterpiece about the geography of nowhere. It is cool and caring and most of all it is classic—so much so

that when moments come off so pages that are more than that, moments of real danger or alienation, a reader is never ready for them. The book tells a story that is always coming into being, by happenstance it's also simply a story to fast a cloud of oblivion, a space of a face, occupied, over a happy current event. When the *Robert Under* ground reformed this year (*Nico: Underground Live* has just been released on Warner Bros. Records), Nico the original chanteuse, was missing.

Born Christa Pefanis in Calicut in 1948, she'd died in 1966 of a brain tumor, rage. She was remembered only because in 1968, Andy Warhol had focused her on his new rock band for their first album. *Beautiful Noise*, with a cultured air of mystery and a deep, sexy voice (French-German in its tone, French-travel in its song), Nico was supposed to be the glamour principle of the *Velvet*, the *Factory Girl* of the Year.

By 1968 she'd washed up in England, a hopeless passive. Behind her, she traded bits of her legend—a modeling career with Coco Chanel, in part in *Rolling Stone*, a son by Alan (Dean) Jacobs with Brian Jones, Bob Dylan, Lou Reed, John Cale, Jim Morrison—

like a dentist still holding the leash of a dog that she's forgotten squirmed loose years before. This is when James Young joined her. He was an Oxford graduate who ended up playing keyboards in her band, strange man ("a feminist was phony," he calls himself) in a combi cabaret act, dragging itself around the world to make enough money to keep Nico in heaven.

"We never, for an instant, thought of ourselves as part of the *Nico* business," Young wrote. "We were just there when it didn't happen." He popularized and re-created

her when nothing is happening, but anything can—where the sun is equal and before the group comes with it, seems always to call up its own perfect symbols and metaphors, including a little ghost ship, fading an reflection everywhere. In the audience: "People, look especially, used to ask for her old springs" in the land scope. "We drove to Wiesbaden through a unique topography of paddles, empty dirt roads, cabbage fields, and ancient Nazi death

camps. We lumbered on a tile for a few kilometers until the next one, where we pulled off on to a small road. It was badly lit and we had no idea where we were. We drove around, probably in circles, for about half an hour, until we came to an abrupt halt before a road sign which read *WIESBADEN*. No one and anything.

We looked back to the autobahn, making ourselves distinctly into the mountains of the body police."

There are hilarious stories but the laughter is always cut short. As a rock 'n' roll road book, Young's clear-eyed memoir is the record of an infinitely slow navigation of a dead end, sharing less with any example of the genre

to which it will probably be compared than with the self-concern and dozing awe of Thomas De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. Or even in its small-time way with *Moby Dick*. "And I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

—GREG MARGULIS



DEAD END: Nico (right) with the *Velvet Underground* and *Factory* during, with Andy Warhol at *Exposure* in 1966



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When Papa Bought The Farm



THE FARM: Hemenway wanted it more than anything on the world.

When Hemenway met Miró in Paris in the early 1930s, the painter was living on a few dried figs a day. He had been working for months on the same painting. The farm is a monologue view of his family's country house in Catalonia.

It would turn out to be the most important painting of his life and a cornerstone of the Museum of Modern Art's huge Miró retrospective. Before *The Farm*, Miró painted earnestly modern, very, but basically realistic scenes and figures. After it, he painted strange, floating shapes. The MoMA monologue speculates on their source, but for Miró himself the answer was simple: "Hunger was a great

source of these hallucinations," he would say.

In between, *The Farm* is a sort of half-waking, half-dreaming vision of life in the country. The sky is blue, the sun without glare, and only the kindest of shadows pervade. The patterns of its birds and fishbones play into geometric folk melodies of shape, but above all it is full of food, vegetables and chickens, cows and rabbits—an antidote to hunger, a dream of milk and honey. "No one could look at it and not know it had been painted by a great painter," Hemenway wrote of *The Farm*. But then, he owned it.

Hemenway survived those years before *The Sun Also Rises* by breaking on, so expen-

sive with more frills than he. One was Dean Shipman, "European correspondent" for *American Men of Letters*. One day, the story goes, Shipman announced he was about to buy *The Farm*. Hemenway was aghast. "Steve Tinsdale took eyes to see that picture," he declared, "and ever since, I have wanted it more than any other single thing I can think of." The play worked. When Hemenway's approval even more than the painting, Shipman offered to roll dice for the right to buy it. He won (but he Hemenway had it anyway). He could see Hemenway wanted a more

Hemenway paid in installments, and when the last one was due, he scammed from call to bar, borrowing a few francs here and there, then carried the painting home in an open box. The word caught the circus, he recalled, and the three men led go close to a model Hemenway gave the painting to his wife Hadley, whom he would soon divorce, a birthday gift mingling gale and nostalgia.

In the mid-1930s, Hemenway "borrowed" the painting from Hadley with a promise to return it in five years. He never did. When MoMA put together a Miró show in 1934, canvas upon weeks

soothing. Gato's effluence on apprentices before they could receive it from Hemenway's Havana villa. Hadley and Hemenway's widow Mary Welsh, would come to legal blows over the painting. Welsh paid \$100,000 for full ownership, then gave it to the National Gallery.

For Miró, too, the painting became a symbol of a time before he became famous and in demand. He would advise Hemenway to the firm that was the model for the painting, and while the two ate and drank, he would tell Hemenway how glad he was that he owned it.

—PHIL PERROW

It has in it all you feel about Spain when you are there and all that you feel when you are away and cannot go there.

—HENRI MATISSE



John Miró at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, October 12 to January 10

S A F A R I



THE MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY RALPH LAUREN

PAUL SCHNEIDER *House Hunting*

A Retreat in the Bahamas



DAILY GRIND: Fish rising tide, breakfast, tennis, taxi. Fish falling tide, lunch, snorkel, nap. Fish rising tide, cocktail, dinner, bed.

THE PLACE: Harbour Island, Bahamas. A tiny island a mile off the coast of Eleuthera, which is itself an hour from Florida. The wooden cottages that were built by English refugees from the American Revolution are remnants of New England, but the weather all winter long and the beautiful sailing across the island's famous flat are not.

WHO DOES THERE? Fly-fishermen, of course, but also fashion photographers, young modeling agencies, New Yorkers, and others who require a few decent restaurants, a couple of bars, an occasional tennis court, but no golf.

ABOKEW WAS HERE: The hurricane that destroyed southern Florida touched down here with two-hundred-mile-an-hour gusts; a lot of bayside villas blew away. Sober: Your house survived, and the charm is regaining itself.

PROS/CONS: The wooden houses in town ("harbor side") are older, sturdier, better looking; a few cottages closer to the beachside, and cheaper than those on the ocean side. Condo-style houses, on

the other hand, overlook one of the best protected beaches in the Bahamas and are less likely to have neighbors who raise roosters.

PRICES: On an island two miles long and half a mile wide, land is crucial. At \$1,000 a foot, oceanfront land is twice the price of harborfront land, while land in the middle is the least expensive. Be cautious: townhouse ranges begin at \$125,000 for three bedrooms a block from the harbor, with most smaller houses ranging closer to \$600,000.

A five-acre cottage right on the harbor lots for \$350,000. A mile away on the ocean, an attractive one-bedroom bed-sit was listed for \$75,000, but real houses start more realistically at around \$350,000 for a couple of bedrooms, a gourmet area, and a veranda with a view of the surf crashing against the coast of Eleuthera smacking away to the

right. Big spreads at either end of the island can sell for \$1 million plus.

PAR TO THE ORDER OF MESSIAH: If the houses were more than \$600,000, be prepared to add 2 percent to the asking price for sales tax. Property tax is 1.5 percent a year. Water is piped in from Eleuthera for a reasonable rate, as is electricity.

PAID TO THE ORDER OF YOU: Between November and April—exactly when you want to be there—vacationers pay about a week and up to most houses on Harbour Island.

THE LISTING

Two bedrooms, two baths, and multiple porches options: a "seasoned veranda," a "fantastic covered terrace," and a rooftop sun deck with a harbor view. Comes with a one-bedroom guest cottage and furniture for \$175,000 in U.S. currency. Source: Island Real Estate

BOOK ROW: Harbour Island's Bondish Joe, arguably the best fishing guide in the Caribbean, is fully booked every March until 1995. His son Stuart—the number three guide on the island—may be available sooner.

I had a scary dream:

America never invented Rock and Roll.

I mean, it never happened.

There are no rock stars.

There are only milkmen and accordion teachers.

Imagine... No Rock and Roll.

No amps. No wah wah pedals.

An entire nation without rhythm.

The national speed limit is a brisk 35.

No one has ever dunked a basketball.

There are no blues riffs.

There are no blue jeans.

There is no Rock and Roll.



And everybody calls me "Skipper."

Then I Woke Up.



The New Camaro Convertible. What Else Would You Expect[®] from The Country That Invented Rock and Roll?[™]

The new Camaro convertible is a car you can have fun just looking at. And even more fun driving. It's got a fuel-injected V6. Integrated rear spoiler. Taut suspension. Plus a factory-

installed, fully lined, push-button retractable lid. But Camaro isn't just a mobile tanning booth with four wheels and a five-speed. It's one of the most technologically advanced Chevs ever

designed. And it's assembled to the most stringent standards of quality. So it can be backed by a comprehensive 3-year/60,000-mile Bumper-to-Bumper, No-deductible Warranty,* and a

24-hour Roadside Assistance Program.[†] Standard equipment includes something unique in its class: dual air bags and 4-wheel anti-lock brakes.^{**} You also get an ingenious theft-deterrent

system. A glass rear window with electric defogger. Wrap-around cockpit with analog instrumentation. And the mother of all steers. In other words, cool. The new

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Number of people who think Central Park is actually shaped like an Absolut Vodka bottle: 19,840
☐ Chances an Absolut Vodka drinker has been to college: 3 in 4

Chances that an Absolut drinker would notice the misspelling in the previous sentence: 1 in 10. ☐ Number of jelly beans needed to fill an Absolut bottle: 222. Number of presidents who have tried this: 1. ☐ Number of times Absolut was given as a gift to a boss in 1992: 386,229. Number of promotions to vice president, 1992: 396,229. ☐ Rank of Absolut among imported vodkas: 1. Percentage of drinkers who drink Absolut for this reason only: 600,000. ☐ Number of bars and restaurants in New York City that feature Absolut: 14,300. Number that serve water: 11,000. ☐ Average number of Absolut bottles needed to fill an Olympic-size swimming pool: 315,416. Number of times this has been done: 0. Are you kidding? Waste line vodka? ☐ Number of people who have been inside the Absolut Miami building: 0. Number of people who have been swimming in the Absolut LA pool: 6. Percentage of Americans who know the reason why: 2. ☐ Percentage of alcohol advertising that features bikini-clad women: 27. Percentage of Absolut advertising that features bikini-clad anything: 0. ☐ Largest solo flight (miles) in the Absolut hot air balloon: 2,345. ☐ Amount of money raised by Absolut Artists Against AIDS: \$750,000. ☐ Number of homes in Sweden heated with energy generated from the Absolut purification process: 10,300. ☐ Distance (miles) reached by lining up world supply of Absolut bottles around the equator: 27,800, or once around the United States, or 14 times around Sweden. ☐ Average dress size used in Absolut fashion show: 6. ☐ Ratio of oranges in 1 oz. cheesecake to 1 oz. Absolut: 9 to 1. ☐ Number of people who can identify the man on the Absolut bottle: 47. Number who aren't Absolut employees: 3. ☐ Average number of words in an Absolut ad: 2. Number of words in Absolut Trivia: 351. ☐ Percentage of people who read all the words in an Absolut ad: 99.7. Number of people who have read all of this ad: You're the first.

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The Best New Restaurants of 1993



ATLANTA

Resto des Amis

1 Ballard Pkwy.
 3030 Peachtree Road
 404 394 3030

THE GRUNGE look seems to have passed Atlanta by. People still like to preen in this linear city,

where everything is named Peachtree and women don't go out of the house without makeup. Thus, Resto des Amis, at the heart of the well-raided Buckhead neighborhood, dresses a crowd in pressed blue jeans and green blazers that echoes the chic viceroy of the Adam Tihany-eyeled decor—bright blue and yellow walls, copper accents, and a roaring romance from which comes some of the most delicious haub-haub food in America.



Resto des Amis: Chef Frederick Sauer, above, like blue-grass soul, top, and his headbangers.

BY JOHN MARIANI • ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

Panasonic introduces the **Palmcorder** with a color viewfinder. It makes ordinary camcorders seem old and gray.

A rainbow. A sunset. A blushing bride. These are just a few of the things you can miss when you look at life through an ordinary camcorder's black and white viewfinder.

Now, Panasonic introduces the **Palmcorder** with a color viewfinder. PV40503. It gives you a full 96,000 color picture elements so you can see the world in full color. While the color viewfinder makes it easy to see what you're shooting, it's also easy to use because this Palmcorder is one of the new IQ Series camcorders. It lets you concentrate on your subject, not on complex buttons. But most importantly, Palmcorder tapes play in all VHS recorders, thanks to its included PlayPak. So it'll play in your VCR, your family's or your friends' which makes it easy to watch and share tapes.

The Panasonic Palmcorder Camcorder. Its viewfinder is color. Its tapes play in your VCR. The choice is obvious.



The PlayPak lets you play your tapes in any VHS recorder. Yours, your family's and your friends'.

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Panasonic camcorders

**PANASONIC INTRODUCES
THE PALMCORDER™ WITH A COLOR
VIEWFINDER. BECAUSE LIFE DOESN'T
HAPPEN IN BLACK AND WHITE.**

Ronzo's two illustrious sons, Garnier Senger and Jean Louis Palladas, separately run the best restaurants in their respective cities—Atlanta's Ritz Carlton Dining Room and Washington's Jean Louis at the Watergate—so you'd expect something out of the ordinary. In the menu here is quite basic: country terrace on grilled steakhouse, onion soup garnish, pot au feu, leg of lamb à la ficelle (and with string and mustard), veal Papouze ragout, and sauté. But through such humble dishes, Senger and Palladas find the soul of bourgeois cooking. They begin with impeccable appetizers, then prepare steaks with respect, as the Kirschwasser-free range roasts chickens with France's poulet de Bresse, the mouton has a creamy ome and comes ennobled in a perfectly ripe tomato; the lamb tastes like the goat you recall from your first day in Provence, and its cream brites its dreamy. Prices are exceptionally modest for that caliber of food, and you'll find as many a dozen nearby regional French wines on the list under \$10.

CHICAGO

Bossa Nova

1610 North
Clyburn Street
312-468-4836

All right, this is my idea of fun. Arrive at Bossa Nova with some friends on the late side, when the band is really cooking. The traditional restaurant is usually set with dark, moose and highest tables so as to encourage people to arrive, about get up and dance, and check out a crowd that obviously didn't just drop in after a day in the office. The dress code would seem to include anything that shows off as much skin as possible, and every time a woman walks by your table there's a little puffed-up breeze in tow.

Anyway, you're sitting there musing a powerful caponize and a pretty waitress plunks down about two hundred small plates on the table and presents you with a menu listing scores of types. You won't be able to make up your mind, so take her advice and order a dozen or so (it won't cost much). Maybe she'll bring shrimp and corn fritters with passion fruit salsa, roast duck, papaya, Jamaican grilled chicken, apple-mashed, fennel and scallop marbled potatoes, charred pepperoni, corned beef sandwiches with soft, marinated onion with more or less sauce, goat's cheese-filled chiles rellenos, and " ribs from hell" with chipotle chili sauce.

Sell hungry? Bossa Nova has excellent proven steamed in bamboo. That style confit, and a marinated grill on skewers. You won't need dessert, though the luscious-sweet-chocolate gelato is pretty good. While

there's a good wine list, say with the cold beers. Hey, Bossa's Merga Bock, or pop a bottle of champagne and see if you can get someone from another table to join you for a toast.

The Marc

31 West
Superior Street
312-462-3810

After the explosion of the name of the place still, which sounds just plain silly (Can you imagine a place called The Tiny The Wimp, or The Donald?) the word is all windows, old blackwork, and dramatic wood-paneled dining, the present have a remarkably clean, crisp, and unpretentious look. The waiters are in the pale-yellow and dress like club waiters in black pants and shirts. But the menu are sharp and to the point, offering just any dining option you'd not to realize. Kirsch's best sandwiches are robust, like should London food on a French baguette or a tasty selection of meat, pork, provolone, and lobster ham. Scarcely further up the food chain are wonderfully many salmon salad in sea and apricot and served with ginger oil and pumpernickel bread, a explosion of asparagus with a warm champagne vinaigrette and grilled vegetables, ribs of lamb in black-corned meat with a puff of tomato, eggplant, and potato, and blackberry duck breast with its own corn in a crispy eggroll served with rice noodles. Barba-chid obviously aims decent, because he makes them so well, especially his warm chocolate ganache cake and an apple cake with buttermilk sauce you want to hug before eating.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Nana's

2514 University Drive
919-407-0545

THROUGH A LITTLE LATE IN getting hooked to the New American-cuisine bandwagon, the South may well offer the best hope for contrasting to roll. Chit like Louis Chasen of Louis's Charleston Grill in Charleston, Anne Quatrone and Clifford H. Harrison of Backwoods in Asheville, and Jeremy Shook of the Pig and the Kiosk in Rockwood (see page 66) are proving that regional American food, severely influenced by multicultural flavors, is unbeatable when it comes to pure gastronomic satisfaction.

Nana's is a perfect example of such a modern marriage. Here, in a softly lit, casual dining room that draws the kind of hard-core, respectful crowd any restaurant would love to attract, chef-owner Scott Howell uses a wide range of powdered to produce a distinctly American style in dishes like soups with smoked oysters, oysters, Oysters corn, fresh shrimp from the Carolina coast served with chives and grilled corn, Florida pineapple corn field peas with yellow tomatoes and Nigose-also vinegared, quail with the gas and pears in a plum sauce, and roast blackberry duck with good old white house's dressing at Rocky in New York and

Biggest Comeback:

The appearance of Michel Blandier—solo powered fine nouvelle-cuisine in Los Angeles at the L'Espresso—where the Beverly Hills L'Espresso shows that there's nothing as still. How you say you're Beverly Hills.

LOS ANGELES

San Domenico in Inglewood shows in the precision of his work, and his desserts, like blackberry crisp with butter-poisoned cream and local blueberries and white plums in whipped cream, are the last word in southern sweets. The same is true of the selection of ports by the glass is admirable.

In case anyone's forgotten, that is how good American food can taste in the 1990s.

H O U S T O N

Kim Son

1000 Jefferson
713/510-1496

I'VE HEARD THAT Vietnamese is the third most widely spoken language in Houston, after English and Spanish. For reasons that may have as much to do with culinary climate as anything else, the city has attracted an extraordinary number of Southeast Asian immigrants, including the family of Tin La, whose harvesting skills of losing Vietnam for America includes being stranded on a Pacific island after being robbed by pirates of everything they owned. On arriving in Houston, they somehow scraped together enough money to reproduce the kind of Vietnamese standards every they'd owned back home. Now, ten years later, they've opened a three-handed-son, two-story restaurant packed every day with people of all nationalities who come here for some of the most wonderful Asian food to be found in the United States.

The menu is enormous—more than two hundred dishes, including ten soups, eleven traditional Vietnamese breakfast items, and scores of seafood dishes. Try as I could to make a dent in all that, I only scratched the surface. I found myself amazed at how savory everything was, how richly flavored, how different from the stand-down Asian food usually encountered in this country. The hot-and-sour soup called *bo kho* is ambrosial, the charcoal-broiled beef with lemongrass served in paper-thin crepes with sauce is simply delicious, and Kim Son's most widely popular and widely praised dish, black pepper cake called *can rang*, is one of the best things I've eaten all year. With a cup of drink, meat, Vietnamese wine, and coffee, this food is as exotic as you could ever want, yet it is also so unerringly bludge that I wish Tin La and his family would open a Kim Son at every major city in the U.S.A.



Pinot Bistro

11765 Western
Boulevard
310/998-0500

"Well, you know, it's just a little bistro," he said and shrugged. Which is like saying *Ellel Paf* was just a little street singer. Pinot may well have the look and feel of a bistro, with its buxom waiters, dark woods, etched glass, and black-and-white

We Deliver: Above twenty pregnant women have claimed that after eating the "wonder maternity salad" at Caciotti in Los Angeles they went into labor. Overdue women are now flocking to the restaurant.

Georgia

7725 Midway Avenue
415/933-8499

NOW, WHO WOULD have thought that what hard-rich Midtown Atlanta really wanted all along was a southern soul-food restaurant serving gumbo, pork chops, and fried chicken? This is about as far from California cuisine as you can get, yet the place is jammed every night and is especially popular with Hollywood's black actors and actresses, some of whom, like Denzel Washington and Eddie Murphy, are in season. The big, open dining room has the look of a fine country house in Georgia, complete with courtyard and wrought-iron gates. Spanish moss and mahogany floors. A piano sits out of its case throughout the evening, the bar is lined with small-batch bourbons, and the tall shutters make you think of moody movies like *Savage Trust*.

David Danks is the chef at Georgia, and while he may have lighter, more delicate tastes, he's food has the authentic flavors of the bayous and big houses. The fried chicken is crunchy and served with macaroni and cheese and collards, the catfish is delicately fried and accompanied by spicy sausage chowder, creamy grits, collards, and remoulade sauce. Pork chops are smothered with onion gravy, adobo with corn pudding, string beans, and applesauce, and the baby-back ribs with potato salad are enough to make you whine "Dance." The theme is carried through subtly in dessert—coconut sweet like peach cobbler with vanilla ice cream, sweet potato pie, and strawberry shortcake. And if you glance over at the next table, you might catch Angela Bassett or Halle Berry looking for fingers. Now, that's something you don't see too often anywhere else in L.A.



A I'VE CONSIDERED getting a burger, cottage meal at L.A.'s finest haute-cuisine restaurant, Pinot, I asked owner Joachim Spitholt how things were going with his new place in the Valley. Pinot: "Well, you know, it's just a little bistro," he said and shrugged. Which is like saying *Ellel Paf* was just a little street singer. Pinot may well have the look and feel of a bistro, with its buxom waiters, dark woods, etched glass, and black-and-white

ESCADAPOUR HOMME

Dayton's • Hudson's • Marshall Fields • Dillard's • Macy's • Bullock's



Top: Chef Hans Rickmanwagner; bottom: left, chef; above, left, chef; right, chef



photos of French artists, and the final may have a homey, bourgeois style about it, but that's where the resemblance ends.

like a cross between Chiriquigook and an Irish: soft ginger, warm Spiced Applesauce and a hint of maple for succulentating, highly creative, and delicious food for the 1990s as a warm potato tort with smoked whitefish, cream yogurt with parsley gnocchetti, duck confit with mussels and Bunsen, and suppers of halibut with mussels, tomatoes, and hard. Dairy-free French Fries: Fries play refined variations on familiar themes like French macarons with chocolate sauce, orange liqueur pudding with caramel, and plums d'Amour with sauce. What's not to love on such a menu? The macarons of flavors are ideal, the portions are generous and several wines are carefully chosen for the time or half bottle.

Rox

1214 Belmont Drive
S.W. 77066

Richard, and Joachim Spischal. Six musical recognitions has eluded him—until now. Rite is not just a dazzling venue for Böckmann's talents, it has become, from opening night back in May the place where everyone in L. A. wants to be.

Set in the Beverly Frisco Hotel, another of the small, very personalized boutique hotels run by Bill Kampore, Rita is full of glowing and watery artwork. We guest lectured arts and aquaculture. The Pacific Rim dinner—winkers, chums, unper-drunk libbies, an air of longevofilia, and wistful's undertone that ironic celt hauntings—echoes the kind of loquacious Californian culture Rickettsianism does better than any

one dish in town, like several proteins on seven potato mounds, sautéed five-grain stew in a pear-poetry tart with portwine glaze, jerk-pork tenderloin with coconut-curry rice, and a restaurant-roasted duck with plum glaze. For dessert don't miss the caramelized-chocolate milked cream with almond cream, or the crunchily apple napoleon with spiced velvets and dried caramel. And should you go for breakfast, the chicken hash is a great way to start things off.

■ ■ ■

Jamo's

313 Commercial Place
MS 445 5030

YOU CAN'T MISS Jugg's. It's the place in Coconut Grove with the greatest number of good-looking people stacked patio to bar from lunch through late hours. The

But Jung's popularity is not, however, entirely due to his status as a pioneering writer or his openness to the bizarre. It is also due to the wonderful tropical food chef-owner Jan Peters serves out in this highly colorful setting of green walls, yellow walls, and Hawaiian art.

Jalapenos. Authentic Florida Flavors is a way that persuades you that there may well be an authentic gastronomy developing down here, and he encourages customers to order a whole lot of appetizers and cold beer; if that's all you feel like. That would mean passing up main courses like mildly grilled red snappers topped with orange salsa or chicken breasts tossed in succulent, gilled filet steaks with garlicky buttered spinach, roasted potatoes, and panama cracklings or meat marinated with mango nectar and stuffed-mushroom sauce.

But you could happily nibble on smaller dishes like his delicious fresh pasta with the trinity of sweet white-wine daisies, sautéed tuna with Mexican vanilla vinaigrette and carrot noodles touched with ginger, or his potato bowl topped with carpaccio. Whenever you enter, get a taste of scolded potato chips dressed with cilantro and cheese, served with a house-made and the night with a plate of seared-filet chorizo cooked with shogreen sugar and proceedings bring us more creative

The Colony
Bistro

736 *Chen, K. and J. D. Howard*

The Colony Bistro
776 Clara Boulevard
503-413, 8726

The best culinary news to hit the beach is the arrival of Robbin Haas at the Colony Barco, one of the brightest, most classic art deco hotel dining rooms on Ocean Boulevard. Haas has long had a reputation for fine cuisine, but during his tenure at the Tuxedo City life resort, he cooked only for hotel guests. Now on his own, he has emerged as perhaps the most innovative chef in Florida for the casual

Great Moments in Golfweek History:
1993—dinner at New York's Elmer Sonoma Grill Room

Great Moments in Culinary History:
1991—dinner at New York's Four Seasons Grill Room goes for \$27.

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The Galaxy House Fried chicken, along with a variety of other dishes, is served at the Galaxy House, San Francisco.



way he conceals a dish so that everything actually seems as if it simply had to be on the plate. I know of no one in Miami who's doing food this approachable, this beautifully presented, and with such nuance. Hana will start off shell crabs with cashews and serve them with a chile papaya salsa and chile remoulade. He does amazingly beautiful hearts of palm with "au-purcellled" parmesan-cream vinaigrette that explodes on the palate, and his sautéed yellowtail "sommers" is a truffle-cream soup with garlic potatoes is superb. Solomon is glazed with rum on a bed of spiced cantaloupe, honeydew, and watermelon relish. Even in this climate, you'll devour his lamb shank with garlic-cheese potatoes, and his baked bannan with rum and vanilla ice cream is a Florida dessert ranking as its best.

Pacific Time

993 Lincoln Road
305/534-5072

RISKY BUSINESS, it seems, to call a Florida restaurant Pacific Time, but partners Yen Fong, Alex Duff, and Jonathan Barnard have pulled it off with real style. The long, shadowy room has high ceilings and walls that look at first as if they'd had a bad hair day. But these are expensive walls, actually, since they're covered with gold, and it kind of grows on you. So does hostess Jeanne Sorrentino, whose seamstress is an obvious in her graciousness and who'll feed at ease amidst the din that comes Pacific Time every night. Barnard did a great



ly roasted chicken in its own juices with good southern corn pudding. Barnard loves warm desserts like broche French toast with poached pear and vanilla cream, and I was absolutely thrilled to see an old Florida classic—breaded pink grapefruit with honey—on the menu. It's simply delicious—tangy, sweet, and smoky on the tongue.

NEW ORLEANS

Nola

514 St. Louis Street
504/521-6651

THERE IS OFTEN a big difference between being a native of the French Quarter region and being one of the most libidinous, but Ernest Lagasse has pulled off the tricky feat of being as well loved by the public, critics, and his colleagues for his cooking as he is for his ebullient personality. Lagasse is a man of graciousness, generosity, and extraordinary cooking talents, all of which show in the "Walla right in, who'd you wanna eat?" style of Nola in the French Quarter.

Lagasse's first restaurant, Ernest's, was *Esquire's* pick for Restaurant of the Year in 1990, and it's still going great guns. But Nola was intended to be simple, more down-home, and cheaper to eat at than Ernest's, with a very busy downstairs bar where you can eat your fill of anything on the menu (for a longer town, Nola should be a first stop.) The beguiling graphics and brickwork, the phor of the Big Easy's food culture, and the victory of the crowd give the two-level restaurant an irresistible party atmosphere. Nevertheless, Lagasse just couldn't bring himself to dish up low-rent grub, so you'll find on everything from Lafayette breads served in beer, oysters, and new spring on a most-potato bread crouton, fried oyster salad with herbaceous dressing, and pecan-crusted drum with Creole mustard sauce and rock-shrimp-pecan salad, to smoked rabbit and andouille rouffier with black-pepper baccini, maque choux, apple-banana milk pie with cinnamon ice cream, a banana Foster apple, and Creole chocolate cream cheese brownies. Entrees top out at \$17.95, and the wine list is broken into four price categories, the priciest costing \$22.

Worst New Dish: Fried trout air bladder and sauerkraut, served at the Strange Seafood Exhibition in Beaufort, North Carolina.



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Feeling Man

The McCoys



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Street
212 347-7592

Even though three hours of *The Phantom of the Opera*. You can do that at Becco, too, but I suggest getting down at about 10 p.m., settling yourself behind pretty much any table you want, and just telling owner Joseph Rattinack (whose mom and pop run the great Palatia restaurant on East Fifty-eighth Street) to feed you. As you nurse a negroni and nibble on the wonderful array of warm breads and focaccia, you'll notice that this night isn't going to cost you much—two courses for \$19, three courses for under \$30, dessert \$5 extra, and every wine on a carefully chosen list sells for only \$5.

Second the time the Phantom is appearing "The Music of the Night" for the fourth time, you'll be happily floating on a spread of mixed vegetables and seafood, followed by a selection of three different fabulously rich pastas that might include gnocchetti with a ragout of rabbit or potato ricotta, at which point you can't imagine eating any more. But then the spectacular suckling pig, the baby lamb, and the braised oxtail arrive. You can't resist. You finish, take a breather, walk around the block, then come back for dessert: the like-of-sure-and-chocolate sabayon and a perfectly made espresso just as the theatergoers come in for a late supper. I'll guarantee you'll have had a more exciting—and much cheaper—evening than they did.

Daniel

23 East Seventy-fourth
Street
212 687-0033

THE NEXT person who drops me to some overly designed "downscale" dining room serving wine samplers with potent sauce and palate cleansers and then the phrase "let's do this the way we were in the '60s" I shall send straight to Daniel for a refreshing course in what fine dining is supposed to be all about. For despite all the hype about chef Daniel Boulud's leaving Le Cirque to open his own restaurant and the fact and cry for his name, it debuted last spring, Daniel has emerged as a reminder that French cuisine at this level can still hold the respect palate in thrill.

The pressure here has a honey-scented elegance, and though lured by Daniel's consummate success, the aggressive, self-styled restaurateur is achieving what none of the Gallic hip that has become self-parody elsewhere. True, some inconsistent cooking and long waits between courses have caused grumbling, but once served, the food here is sublime and so carefully thought out as to be revelatory—which is why every chef who comes through New York these days feels a table at Daniel. It would be difficult to find better cuisine here or in France than

NEW YORK'S THIRTIETH DISTRICT RESTAURANTS range from pretty good to pretty awful, most being off the road north of people who want to sit, eat, and get out in time to nurse their indignation through three hours of *The Phantom of the Opera*.



Boulud's poached fish goes in duck broth with morels and cranberry sauce, rose duck with spicy fruits and Vidalia onions stuffed with wild mushrooms, asparagus, and chervil. And François Payard's succulent trout and chorizo dessert are completely in sync with the rest of the menu. So spend the \$35 for room it's going to cost to eat at Daniel. You deserve it, and so does Daniel Boulud.

Madeo

47-49 West Fifty-fifth Street
212 387-7777

IT IS NOT JUST fashionable to say that Italian food in the United States rarely uses the way it does in Italy; it happens to be the truth. Ingredients, tastes, and techniques get all hellbent up this side of the Atlantic, where most restaurants serve up an embellished, fused-over, "best-of-both-worlds" menu. Five Tuscan, Roman, or Milanese would overcomplicate. So for those who still recall those wondrous meals in trattorias in towns whose names you can't pronounce, I give you Madeo, a friendly, grow-up restaurant off Fifth Avenue whose severity lies in cooking with classic simplicity.

Madeo's dining rooms have the stark simplicity of a bird-digging male sparrow, with white wall scones that throw a column, warm light on everyone. There's no happy hour, nothing to interfere with the enjoyment of the food and wine. Ask manager Giorgio Lingua for a good bottle under \$10 and he'll always come up with a beauty whose label you'll probably see down before you leave. You could never get tired of dishes like lobster and cannellini beans dressed only with parsley, olive oil, and lemon. Fresh langoustines—the real shrimp—are sweet and coated with olive oil. Tender crepella panaches are layered with smoked salmon, ricotta is infused with porcini, and veal risotto is luscious with a luscious wild mushroom. A gorgeous white wine is now preferred to rosé; it's voluptuously preserved, and the sommelier who'll show you a glass can't wait toasting you, veal or beef that they consciously carve for



Best-looking Hostess: Krista Hensley at David Paul's Lakewood Grill on Man.

your deliberation—an ordered meal is a high time to bring back. As a time when the wave of pseudo-Italian restaurants has just about crashed everywhere else, Madio brings Italian cooking back to the path of simple good taste.

Vong

100 East Fifty-fourth
Street
212-686-9594

Vong is sure to be taken too seriously. Once you get over the notion that Alsatian-born chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten never intended to revolutionize. This cuisine has sought only to combine its most savory elements with the more casual style of French cooking he possessed at his uptown bistro called Jolo, you'll find Vong a provocative place to eat. Early on, this was not always the case. Compared with standards that cooking, Vong's food lacked edge. It took a few months to refine the concept, but now, dishes like the chicken, cream, milk, and ginger soup, the spiral codfish with curried artichoke, the aromatic lobster with Thai herbs, and the grilled beef in ginger broth manifest several stunning levels of flavor, and finally you can taste what Vongerichten was getting at. Tropical dances like caramelized pineapple with coconut sorbet, and banana and

passion-fruit salad with white-pepper ice cream vie with Vongerichten's signature soft-cream chocolate cake for honors.

Probably you'll either love or hate the decor, which represents anatomic fantasy of Vongerichten's moments of Thailand, where he once worked and joined his imagination for Vong. A ferry red-and-gold collage of Thai newspaper clippings, ornate tables, and musicboxes, a royal barge over the bar, and walls that tilt at hallucinogenic angles that just on the edge of the garish, like a night in Bangkok. The food is arranged on odd pieces of black china and pottery, and Occidental waiters are dressed in Oriental tunics. Whether everything works at Vong is not as important as the energy that drives it, and not to visit Vong when you're not in New York is to miss something unique.

**MUSIC WE
NEVER WANT
TO HEAR
Again in a
Restaurant:
Anything by
new-age guitarist
Ottmar Liebert.**

RICHMOND

The Frog and the Redneck

1415 East Cary Street
804-648-1764

Jimmy Stoodt, a brash, "redneck" cook who's allied himself with the kooky French chef Jean-Louis Palladin to open this slick new spot in the restored warehouse district.

There's good juju, a legendary bar, more smooch, and hilarious concerns of the two owners by an artist who, like Michelangelo and Dali, prefers to go by one name—Happy Palladin drops down from Washington now and then to see if Stoodt's screwing anything up, while Stoodt tries to ignore him and just on making up a menu each night with an eye toward what's best in the kitchen that day. Despite Stoodt's in-your-face personality, this guy is very serious about his food and proudly announces on his menu that everything you will eat was made right there on the premises, that he doesn't like smoking in his restaurant, and that white wines are served at cellar temperature, not ice cold. He also says the word *assure* on the menu as often as possible. But you'll forget all that when you taste his crabmeat crepe with seaweed salad, local, stinky mushrooms sautéed with garlic and shallots, leg of lamb with rosemary sauce, and by far the finest, nut-crusted omelet I've ever eaten. Desserts are every bit as finely crafted. Go with the exceptional egg five-course tasting menu and choose from a fine array of either "Frog" French selections or "Redneck" California offerings, all at good prices.



Vong: the chicken crepe/soup—above with shrimp and artichoke; lobster with Thai herbs; top: grill pineapple salad, right.

Rising-Star Chefs: LARRY DREW VÉLIZQUEZ, MOORE'S, SAN FRANCISCO • DERRY HILLIS, THE GRANGERIE, PHOENIX • PÉLÉGE CHU, CHANTERELLES, PHILADELPHIA • SYLVAIN PÉWY LE CIRQUE, NEW YORK • LAUREN MERRICK, FRACKO ALLEY, NEW YORK • GUY AND MARY SWEET, CARBONELLE, NEW ORLEANS • ERIQUE JADOT, CITRONELLE, WASHINGTON, D. C. • SETH SEGAL, THE DINING ROOM AT THE RITZ-CARLTON, CHICAGO • KATHLEEN DICKINSON, CAFE KULA AT THE GRAND WAVER RESORT, WAVER, MAINE.



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Geordy's chef Charles Johnson: truffle-level poaching will break hearts, too, not stuffed rabbit, either.

SAN FRANCISCO

Geordy's
1 Tilden Place
415/391-3305

SAN FRANCISCO has always pedaled itself on its casual, buzz-style restaurants where you can't hear yourself think and you're unlikely ever to meet the chef, who is inevitably away in Mexico, or Provence on a cooking tour. For the International Restaurant Consortium. Then, I am happy to say, is not the case at the sophisticated Geordy's, where chef Charles Johnson is most likely to be seen turning out exquisite food of a kind you didn't run across much in California. Owner Geordy Murphy opened this long dip of a dining room down one of those alleyways cab drivers have never heard of (it's right off Union Square) and minimally decorated the place with a glassed-in kitchen and pantry area, flowered lampshades, and a staff of good-looking waiters who really seem committed to making sure you savor the chef's best efforts.

Solomon built from Detroit, but he sought out more fertile ground for a culinary career, landing in Monaco to work as Alain Ducasse's sous-chef, then moving to work at Washington's Jean-Louis and New York's Bouley. You can tell he's selling the truth about that résumé at the first taste of his escalope of fresh muskell, the muskellade with rice, or in more juicy, the lobster consommé with crayfish ravioli, and, above all, his vegetable pot-au-feu—a dish so simple and so perfect that it makes you nod your head in recognition of how good it is. It shows, too, in the muskellade sauce: with

warm blackberry compote, the apple frangipane with spiced-ginger ice cream, and the crème brûlée with a grain of lemon curd. This is very, very fine cooking, and Geordy's shows that San Francisco can still learn a lot.

**Alain
Rondelli**
125 Clarendon Street
415/391-0411

SOMETIMES BROODINGS can support enormous weight. The new Alain Rondelli, turned, obviously, after the shuffling chef-owner who rescued the bones of Ravioli, is a case in point. There's not much to look at here, because Rondelli did little to the former restaurant's premises and seems to have spent his money on psychotic waiter's vests that look like something the Fifth Dimension would have worn. Oh, it's pleasant enough, and in winter the fireplace should be quite cozy, but you come here for Rondelli's taste in food, not in decor, and you'll be dazzled by what's on the plate, not on the wall. The menu is short and seasonal, full of unexpected dishes that always have an element of surprise, such as a moussé soup ringed with caviar and orange and a few gems roasted to sweet-and-sour carrots. Simply marinated calamari are served with homemade and jalapeño confit. And Rondelli's signature dessert is really a combination of a cheese course with sweet-and-sour flavors that's a breadmaking tour de force. Roquefort is set on a ripe pear tart. These closed with a collection of concentrated champagne wine: first frothed with ground black pepper. Prices are modest for cooking that's as lively with the best in San Francisco, and there's scarcely a wine on the list over \$25. If this is dining on a shoestring, then be sure up to a table at Alain Rondelli's.

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

**Cafe Terra
Cotta**
6001 North
Scottsdale Road
602/948-6300

THE RESTAURANT SCENE IN the Phoenix-Scottsdale area has gained tremendous momentum in the past few years, most notably in the recent hotels where superb young chefs like Danny Hilts, at the Orangery in the Arizona Biltmore, Alessandro Strano, at Mary Elain's in the Phoenixiana, and Charles Wiley at the Boulder in Camelback, have elevated the gastronomy of the region by quite a few delicious notches. But if you're more in the mood for a casual, easy-to-take, and cozy-filled restaurant serving terrific Arizona-style food, Donna Norden's Cafe Terra Cotta is the place to go. Norden opened the original Cafe in Tucson and has now branched out into Scottsdale's Bayside place, which looks oddly like a movie set for *Prince of Persia*. Cafe Terra Cotta, however, is an open, brightly, extremely colorful corner eatery serving equally colorful southwestern food of a very high order. My favorite approach here is to order a mess of appetizers, pasta, and pizza, then go straight for



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and ginger sauce with avocado-orange salsa and red-onion escabeche. Desserts are temptingly arrayed as you enter. You'll enjoy any of them, but my favorites are the lemon soufflé cake and the chocolate raspberry cream cake.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

El Patio

1120 Tenthredin Street NW
202-462-9789

ROSARIO ROMANA's esteemed Indian restaurant Gules has graduated a respectable number of fine chefs who have gone on to do their own food. And, to judge by the excellent cuisine of El Patio, chef-owner Hector Guerra must have graduated another cook leader. Guerra and his partner, sister d. Michel Alvarez (also a Gallo's alumna), took a gamble that Washingtonians were dying to taste the food of El Salvador. They apparently figured right, for El Patio has been very successful in attracting people to a downtown courtyard tucked away in Lafayette Square in very exclusive, high-plexus leaves stuffed with corn flour, duck, potatoes, and carrots, red peppers stuffed with ham and Swiss cheese, and cheese, and papaya-seafood corn dough filled with pork and cheese with vinegar marinated cabbage. There's a whole lot of stuff going on at El Patio, and what's not stuffed is either sautéed or grilled. The real star in tomato sauce is delicious, and the whole grilled red snapper with a tomato-and-olive sauce is fabulous and fit for an event table. Plates of black beans, white and yellow rice, and hot tortillas abound, and everything is priced so you can enjoy most dishes that you're tempted. Desserts like the cornmeal topped with plums and cinnamon-raisin sauce are heavenly ways to finish what adds up to a very rich meal that is very modest in price.

Gerard's Place

945 Piquette Street NW
404-797-4445

getty that usually indicates a chef who is a royal pain in the butt. Maybe so, maybe not. What I do know is that Piquette (who earned one Michelin star in France before working at New York's Au Lait and the Ritz-Carlton in Princeton City) has never seemed happier. He is his own master in his own dining room, cooking precisely the way he wants, marrying traditional, regional, and modern French cooking styles with personal panache.

Gerard's Place is a space, comfortable dining room off Metropolitan Square, with a very sexy, sexy, sexy Piquette. It's not for him to turn out his list of hands-on cuisine. I find my nose hairs melted up with salt and emulsion points for smoking dishes like his salad of salmon confit, a busy plate of pig's feet with marinated potatoes, and with pungent preserved lemon, carrots,

and corn, and an unusual treat of duck with a sweet fiery orange with the essence of coffee. His baked apple with peach and caramel is very good, better only by a simple but surprisingly flavored warm mango tart and a napoleon of berries and cream perfumed with mint. This is a place you go with people who truly appreciate fine cuisine, not a best scene. In price, Gerard's is considerably below a deluxe restaurant and only a bit higher than a bistro, and his five-course tasting menu at \$70 is a remarkable buy.

Vidalia

1220 M Street NW
202-638-3326

MARGIE I SHOULD HAVE told you what I ate at Vidalia and let you imagine how wonderful it must have been: roast chicken soup with potato bread and fennel chives, Thai Citrus cocktail with coconut aniseed and cilantro; country ham with orange, figs, and honeyed crème fraîche; roast pork with lima beans, butter, fresh corn, and smoked tomato oil. Sticky chicken popovers with seasonal vegetables, and barbecued pork shoulder with pepper slaw and fresh peppers.

And that was just for lunch! Chef-owner Jeffrey Ruben, newly from the Occidental, works like a man bearing with new ideas from established traditions of American cooking, and if you can sense evidence, Vidalia is where you'll find it in every dish. He's said, "I'm not going to be afraid to leave things on the loose," and that's why his food has the confidence and comfort other chefs' dishes lack. His desserts came like the Fourth of July—luscious bread pudding, lemon chess pie, and chocolate-strawberry cake with vanilla ice cream.

The downtown presence of Vidalia, named after the famous sweet Georgia onion, are very pretty, set with folk art and country flowers, and extremely convivial, with women who can be put friendly enough without crossing over into unwelcome familiarity. At the Open Bar, you can get some interesting Indian fare like sautéed Shrimadish, trout with lemongrass, and smoked chicken and poblano-chile quesadilla. Nothing on the menu tops up, and the wine list is one of the most scrupulously selected and priced I've seen in some time.



Photo: David Wolf photo, from chess pie, left, and dinner with gifts, top.

RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR



Indian style: In Jordan Moore's beautiful dining room, chef and co-owner Michael Cordua serves up loads of the Americas, including something with corn-stuffed crab ribs, left, and rice-pudding soufflé.

Americas

1100 Post Oak Boulevard
HOUSTON
713-954-1421

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE FIRST, it becomes increasingly obvious that one of the most revolutionary aspects of Columbus's "discovery" of the West Indies was how it completely transformed the food culture of Europe, Asia, Africa, and the New World itself. Not until the opening of the spectacular Americas in Houston has the range of this extraordinary symbiosis been so well expressed within the walls of a restaurant.

Americas has been handcrafted—right down to the door handles—by Jordan Moore, whose hearty interest for San Francisco's Cypress Club and Chicago's Wines have won both praise and devotion for their scrumptious. But here, Moore has created a soaring, two-story space built on Texas myths and moths, full of yucca and bean, sautéed, all held together by woven evoking Indian basket patterns. There are also suspension bridges and a replete dining room flowing over the bar. The place has a palpable, organic generosity, seeming to almost breathe around you. The owners of Amer-

ica, Michael and Gloria Cordua, have taken culinary themes they possessed at their wonderful Chateaux restaurants and embraced the neglected cuisines and foods of South, Central, and North America. This is a feast, a feast of fusion—wriggled, quail stuffed with sautéed mushrooms and chiles, crisp potato-crusted fillet of squid, cold trout, parmesan-like of Gulf snapper with fresh corn, chicken breast grilled with pineapple and coconut, loin of rabbit with olive butter and chives, just about everything with cabbage-based butter and sautéed lentils, and the finest roasted guapacho I have ever consumed. Desserts are every bit as impressive, like the corn de queso y maíz (a cheddar-based bread with corn) and duck de arroz pirueta (a rice pudding soufflé in a caramelized coconut basket).

You won't find anything like Americas anywhere else in the world. Not just that this superbly realized new restaurant may well start another revolution in the way we look at American food. For this reason and simply because the food is some of the most delicious you'll ever eat, Americas is my choice for Restaurant of the Year. ■



The Hardest Working Girl in Show Business

Why Heidi Fleiss still has Hollywood by the balls

Life, every one and then, believe it or not, had seen no easy had moment.
—HENRY J. ROBERTS IN THE BARRACUDA COUNTRY

AT FIRST, the story was perceived to be so insignificant that it wasn't reported in the *Los Angeles Times* until three days after it happened, on June 12, a mere 397-word story buried on the third page of the Saturday Metro section. The arrest of a Beverly Hills madam accused of running a high-priced call girl ring? Hollywood slept.

Then, seven weeks later, an enlarged, glossy version splashed across the *Times*'s front page. Heidi Fleiss, the twenty-seven-year-old daughter of a pediatrician, allegedly operated out of a Brentwood Canyon "manion" that she had purchased from actor Michael Douglas for \$1.6 million a year before. From that manion, perched up the road from the Beverly Hills Hotel, the cops had seized five address books, cassette tapes, and 11 grams of cocaine. The story hinted at famous names, but dropped only two—spicy hepatitis Billy Idol and perennially beleaguered producer Rob Reiner—and introduced a cast of shady characters including the unknown Hungarian-born TV director Jon Nagy. Further more, the story said, clients may have included high-ranking studio executives who paid as much as \$1,000 for a few hours of private entertainment—or "personal servicing," as Heidi would declare on her auctioneer resume. Hollywood slept.

That showman story of sex, scandal, and money quickly disintegrated into furor as telephone lines burst with the kind of fervor generally reserved for afternoons soap. Fleiss began subplot.

characters stepped into view, then scurried back into darkness.

"I told Heidi, 'Don't be so flippant,'" bellowed Elizabeth Adams, aka Madam Alex, the legendary Beverly Hills madam. "Treat your business with respect; I said to her, 'and for heaven's sake, show respect to the cops.' Ah, but Heidi, she didn't want to listen."

"There's a wealthy Jewish," confided an LAPD vice cop, "who was paying Madam Alex ten grand a month to baby sit his son. I don't know what he worked out with Heidi."

"What I heard," confessed a prominent screenwriter, "is that a high-level studio executive requested one of Heidi's girls. When she showed up—and this would be a wonderful movie moment—the reality died. It was his daughter's hot friend."

There was much rich stuff it would have given Heidi Hopper gear, and it kept getting better. Columbia Pictures, it was now being said, had a Heidi slush fund and the whole studio was going to come tumbling down. Big, big stars were going to



THE LOST TYPHOON: Heidi was like a pinball on a much bigger investigation we were working on," an LAPD official says. "Finally, we decided to pop her just to get her out of the way."

From The Fragrance of Desire



Billard's Dayton's Hudson's
Marshall Field's Macy's

comments, except to say that much of what is being said about her daughter is lies. Privately, he told one friend, "I guess I didn't do such a good job with Heidi after all."

That depends on how you look at it. Those who know Heidi well consider her a sharp businesswoman. "Heidi's good with names and numbers and she is really good with money," says a Beverly Hills businessman. "But she knows she had what guys wanted, and that made her arrogant." One producer and her first man Heidi: when she was eight, "I would run into her at parties," he said. "I didn't find her sexy at all, but I was drawn to her spite. She would do anything for fun."

So, apparently, would her Nags: the boorish, fifty-five-year-old playboy and sometime TV director who met Heidi in 1978. A son of poor man's Hell, Nagy was, in one acquaintance describes him, "full of leagadonna, a loud-mouth who can't get a sentence out of his mouth without using the word jack."

Andy Salans, a former ABC-TV sports director turned filmmaker, often encountered Nagy along the Sunset Strip in the late Seventies and early Eighties. "He was a less than masculine director," says Salans. "When he was doing *Forever Love*, I could tell in the first few minutes whether he had divorced it. He's an ass-hat of talent."

Another Nagy acquaintance, not surprisingly, was Madam Alex. Nagy has avowed that those weeks after reuniting Heidi, he told Alex about how "wonderful" she was. According to Nagy, Alex laughed. "She's one of my girls," the madam declared, proudly.

Madam Alex, who is sixty years old and bedridden with heart conditions and diabetes, has her own spin on tales of intrigue. "Heidi and I used to play the paces, and Heidi owed some body 1470," she said. "To get the money, Jean told her for 1470. What kind of a schizoid is that?" (On August 4, Nagy himself was arrested for operating a call-girl ring but charges were never pressed.)

Heidi did work for Alex, supposedly as a girl Friday. Alex told one LAPD vice cop that Heidi wasn't good-looking enough to be sent out, though in a pinch Alex might decide to send her.

By 1980 the doctor's daughter was in business for herself, accused by Madam Alex of ruthlessly seeking her cheaters, an allegation that Heidi disputes.

Heidi and Nagy soon ended their questionable relationship, only to enter into an even more bitter aftermath. The LAPD and Beverly Hills police were repeatedly called by one of the ex-lovers wanting to lodge a complaint against the other. Sometimes Madam Alex would join in. Says a criminal attorney, "I'm not Heidi would call the police on each other about once a month. Recently, Heidi and Alex lodged an obscene-call complaint against him. They claimed he was passing gas on the telephone."

THE WORLD OF prostitution is not a pretty one, even when it's being sold by dressing-up girls serving millionaire moguls. "They say prostitution is a timeless crime, but that's bunk," says a woman LAPD vice sergeant. "The girls are always victims. I don't care at what level they're operating. They're victimized by pimps and they're victimized by police. We see them like everybody else. We put back them to serve as informants. The notion that some of the high-priced call girls only work for a few years is also wrong. A few may walk away, but most just walk lower and lower, from fancy hotel suites to working the streets."

Like any successful madam, Heidi Fleiss was always on the lookout for new recruits, once more johns packed, as it is so delicately put, the delight of "trash men."

"She would invite girls to her house, implying there would be a party with celebrities," says another veteran vice officer. "If a girl ended up having sex, Heidi would give the girl several hundred dollars on her way out. Suddenly, the girl's thinking, *Oh, I'm a junkie*."

Madam Alex, now allegedly retired and running a food-catering business, counts a picture of prostitution as private and wholesome than for a brief moment one could question a host of less pleasant and dignified career paths.

"Twenty years ago it was so different," she says. "I would have parties at my house—good food, nice people, lovely girls, lovely men. Lightly dressed of the time not running top place—many of the men were married, and in those days they had a month's dinner in their centers. The girls were elegant, obedient, sweet, and nice. I would teach them how to dress like ladies. I remember one man called and complained because the girl I sent him wore a suit

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LETTER FROM SEVERLY HILLS

Wish, he said, this isn't a job interview. "Between 1990 and 1993, Alex was arrested for groping and fondling four times but convinced of each charge only once. In 1993 she was arrested for the last time but was able to plea-bargain her sentence down to eighteen months' probation. The whole process took more than three years, arrested in part by an LAPD undercover officer whom Alex had hired as a call girl.

THE LAPD had known about Heidi Fries since July 1993. A report came in listing her among its inmates, two groups and thirty call girls known to be working the Westside and the San Fernando Valley. But at the time, Administrative Vice was more interested in targeting sex call operators, and the report was filed.

Then in December 1993, a story appeared in the Los Angeles Times. Madison Allen's jewelry had been stolen from the home of her friend David Newman Jr., so whose else had returned them for advertising. The latest who had pulled off the heist, she said the Times, a former "cream" of men who had stolen her business. Although not named in the story, News was the prime suspect and was quoted as saying, "What took her [Alex] years to build. I built in one. The high end is the high end, and no one has a higher end than me."

It's an one thing cops don't like, it's bullshitters who flout their business and cheat. And Alex, the new captain of Administrative Vice, was accused. Thumping the offensive quest, he marched into the squad room and demanded, "Who is he?"

Adams had worked prison time twenty years prior and had hunted Alex in 1991. He took a detour through the department, promoting up, before answering to Ad. Vice only days before the Times article broke. Prosecution was what he knew best, and Heidi Fries became his number one priority.

But the NCID was already watching Heidi in cooperation with an investigation involving some "ben issues from Jersey." Heidi was not a target, but the criminal paths with some who were, and NCID captain James Docherty didn't want Vice encroaching his territory just yet.

Heidi had also become known to Stanley Lee, an undercover cop with the Beverly Hills police. On the night of

A SPECIAL INVITATION TO JOIN THE

Esquire ROUND TABLE

Dear Esquire Reader:

As an intelligent, informed individual, you hold many well-formed, sometimes even provocative opinions. We here at Esquire are interested in how you feel and what you have to say about trends, men, new products, etc. That's why we are launching the Esquire Round Table, a one-to-one forum for you to let us know your thoughts on a variety of subjects.

As a member of the Esquire Round Table, you will be asked to answer brief periodic questionnaires (the first of which will arrive this month). You'll also receive special advanced notice of exclusive Esquire events held in your area. To join, all you have to do is fill out the form below and return it to us by December 31, 1993. For your efforts, we'll send you a limited edition Esquire 50th Anniversary t-shirt, or sleep kit, if you are one of the first 500 respondents.

Take advantage of this opportunity to express your opinion and influence both the staff of Esquire and the readership of this product. We welcome your views and will, of course, keep all information confidential.

Sincerely,

Alex Fries, Publisher

1. Are you male or female?

MA Male

FE Female

2. Into which of the following groups does your age fall?

CA Under 35

CD 35-44

CB 18-34

CE 45-54

CC 25-34

CF 55+

3. Are you married?

CA Yes

CB No

4. What is your total household income from all sources?

CA Under \$25,000

CE \$100,000-\$125,000

CB \$20,000-\$25,000

CF \$250,000-\$275,000

CC \$40,000-\$75,000

CE \$200,000-\$245,000

CD \$75,000-\$100,000

CF \$215,000+

5. What level of education have you currently achieved?

CA Graduated High School

CE Post-Graduate Study

CB Attended College

CF Post-Graduate Degree

CC Graduated 4-Year College

6. What is your current employment status?

CA Employed Full-Time

CE Retired

CB Employed Part-Time

CF Other

7. Which of the following best describes your career progression?

CA Professional/Managerial

CE Sales/Technical

CB Administrative/Clarial

CF Other

8. How did you obtain this issue of Esquire?

CA Subscription

CE From a Friend/Relative

CB Newsstand/Store

CF Other

9. How much did you spend on clothing last (not including shoes)?

CA Under \$100

CE \$1,500-\$1,999

CB \$100-\$149

CF \$2,000-\$3,499

CC \$150-\$199

CE \$3,500-\$4,999

CD \$1,000-\$1,499

CF \$5,000+

10. Which of the following apparel items have you bought for yourself in the past year? (Check all that apply)

CA Business Suit

CE Sports Coat

CB Overcoat

CA Casual Suit

CE Trench Coat

CB Dress Pants

CE Casual Coat

CB Casual Pants

CE Leather Jacket

CB Dress Shirt

CE T-Shirt

CB Sports Shirt

CE Underwear

11. Have you bought a car, truck or off-road vehicle in the past year?

CA Yes

CB No

CA New

CB Used

12. If you, what is the vehicle's origin?

CA Domestic

CB Asian

CE European

13. How often do you drink premium brands of liquor?

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

14. How often do you order specific brands of liquor when out?

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

15. For which of the following do you prefer a premium brand? For which do you request a specific brand when out?

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

16. For which of the following do you prefer a premium brand? For which do you request a specific brand when out?

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

CA Always

CE Occasionally

CB Frequently

CF Never

Whoever said
all good things
must come to an end
never owned a pair of Sebago.



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LETTER FROM BEVERLY HILLS

have surfaced. LAPD's Internal Affairs people have been looking into this sticky case.

Also, what will become of Heidi? She faces two nasty condemnations. One is with the state of California, which will try to prove the felony pardoning charges and reportedly has done, possibly lost, will go on waiting to testify against her. If she's convicted, such cases carry a mandatory prison sentence of three years.

Even more bothersome are the IRS heaven, who, it is believed, have already moved in. There are two ways the IRS can rob Heidi. One—and this is how the Feds got away Wilkey Calhoun to prove her expenditures can't be supported by her income, which last year she reportedly stated as \$75,000 ("personal consultant"). Or, two, they can find evidence of income paid to her that she didn't report. That a U.S. air survey last joined the investigation indicates witnesses may be subpoenaed to testify in secret before a grand jury. "Most people won't be in the [feds]," said an IRS agent not connected with the case. "Making false statements to the IRS is a felony. And by lying, they can be charged with conspiracy to violate tax laws, also a felony."

If only somebody had chided Heidi in, she could have avoided this hassle. If she is, as it is alleged, a madam, she could have said so on her tax returns—occupation. Madam—means her real income, paid the taxes, and been done with it. Federal law prohibits the IRS from divulging information on tax returns to anybody, even the police.

Meanwhile, the IRS, intrigued by rumors that Calhoun conceals and squanders money to party with Heidi, could look at Calhoun's books to well. "If the IRS can document that any of Heidi's income came from people as Calhoun," the IRS agent said, "those people will be investigated as well. The IRS loves high-profile cases. And in seven years there's been a real push to look into the creative accounting known to be used by the madam. I mean, we're sending our people to move-accounting classes."

The moral to this sordid tale of sex, money, and scandal on Hollywood, if one can be dredged up, again comes from *The Street for Sinners*. "Clean money," says Humphrey Bogart with a sigh, "life takes up the rest." ■

EXECUTIVE SUMMARY: STANLEY BING

The Thing



YOU GET COMPLACENT. You think it can't happen here, or there, or anywhere you hang your hair. Nobody is safe. It can befall the best of us, the safest and most stable of operations, if any still exist. It arrives one day without fanfare, through a variety of media, and it takes root in some place that is fertile and moist—like under the uvula of the guy down the hall, maybe—and grows, that's all. "Have you heard about the Denver thing?" says Nofziger in Corporate Finance while he's shaking off in the executive

workroom. And you don't know what he means, really, but you know it's extremely important, something you've got to know, get to love or the. Because it's the new Thing. "We're moving in on that Blue Thing," says Stover in Accounting as he spouts some line once his plan at the senior-management

breakfast, and you know he's talking about a shift in strategic direction that will result in total upheaval to no good end.

That's right. The Thing we're talking about is the really monstrous stupid idea that runs all life as we know it. We had one here a few years ago that started as a Quality Circle and evolved into a full-sized new fiscal order, but we killed it by chopping it into body parts and carrying those off to be burned in ceremonies. It happened in my pet Berli's corporation, a huge publishing company, when first one, then two, then the entire senior-management structure decided to move their whole work force out of New York... to Dallas. Six hundred lives uprooted at a cost of nearly 500 million and for what? Because, for a time, it was their Thing. They killed that Thing, too, by the way, suffocated it with paper.

But the other Thing seldom dies easy. Because it's strong and persistent. And once it's got you, well, You're gone. Been it.

I set by my desk something that last summer on the back page of my *Wish As A Glass*, and I find myself wondering: How did this happen to us? How could we all let it get the best of us? And the answer, I think, is that we were sold on it happen.

It's as my door now, making at the keyhole to be let in. Perhaps it would be helpful if I told you before I go. Perhaps there is some clue here that can save somebody else. Even you, if you deserve saving.

The Thing came at the spring of last year. We didn't know it had arrived, but it had, tiny and embryonic, in a pod from another corporation that entered Nigle, one controller, through his capacious nose at an industry luncheon at which he occupied a seat next to a mergers-and-acquisitions broker who was crowding with a variety of important conceptual notions.

I dropped by to see Nigle one morning, and noticed the Thing immediately. It was sucking one tiny atom out of his car. As I watched, a small, fickle cynicism poked ineptly from behind the fringe of her just above his collar. "Have you heard about the Baltimore thing?" said Nigle. The cynicism had dug around all the way to the front of his face and was looking out over curiously—well, I thought, some banality. As I stared it down, it gave me a long, empty, ironic wink.

"No," I said, trying to bend down my gaze as it rose suddenly into the back of my throat. Didn't Nigle see this cynicism that had seized control of his person?

"Well, the idea is that," he said as the rest of the Thing emerged from his car and did quietly down the back of his pants. "We made all of our distribution assets, our line operations, tracking division, direct sales, advertising and marketing operations, for a controlling par-



It came from
ten thousand
spreadsheets.
It was dumb.
We were
smart. We
were doomed.

nion in the Willy Wabley Where Where theme pants!"

And there it was. The Thing I had been dreading. The big, dumb play that is so pervasive in the deep, dark delirium of the 1990s, that replaces boring, old handman business with something new, loud, bold, stupid. We had been in a small partnership with the Willy Wabley people for some time, but the strategy move into this type of activity had always been only a minor, never an actual proposal.

Nagle opened his mouth again, but instead of his pink little tongue (the head of the Thing itself) poked out from between his teeth. "There's a cable network play attached to this, a possible theatrical-motion-picture route, and a lot of potential downstream revenue."

And the face of the Thing that protruded from Nagle's mouth. A lot of key people are already for it big time because it represents a mere cut of single-digit anarchy into an almost unassailable high-growth sector. Take any word for it, kid. If you're not on the bus . . .

"the voice suddenly croaked down to a deep, saccharine hum—"you're off it, dude."

I had been Nagle's office then, before he could sneeze me to a laundry, that nice not one at which I would be sitting but at which I would be eating.

To them to the Thing too much is to lose yourself to it.

I went to my office and tried to phone several friends in the field. Those Things never grow in the field much. They grow as headquarters, where the dreams is full of material that suits the task of futurization. The phone, of course, was dead. I looked at the receiver and saw that a substance that looked like the skin on wicker-old J&O was extruding from it. Then it rang. The sound was neurological, dense.

"Could you come up here for a minute, Bing?" said a voice. Hardly recognized. "I want to talk to you about a Thing that's come up." It was Whit, but he sounded distant as never, very Future, but infused with a kind of technical excitement that I had never heard from him.

"Sure, Whit," I said. I went up the interfloor stairwell, which seemed to be filled with the husk of something that, in growing to gargantuan size,

had molten, I had to step over enormous coils of this strange dead material to reach the landing on 45, where I encountered several of my fellow vice-presidents drinking coffee in the complementary association bar. Each of them looked pretty much normal, except that they were tied together by a gigantic unbelated cord, dented with suction cups, that emerged from the area near each one's belt buckle and went on to the next. Being a brownish gray, it went quite nicely with their suits, except for Lasevich's, but he was wearing that lustrous dark-green polyester he likes so much, so I guess it suited him right.

"Come closer and look at these our new projections," said one, but I could not tell which one.

"I don't want to see them," I announced, staggering backward to the hall.

Whit was standing in his office, looking over the city skyline miles below his window. Next to him was a large amount of drooped, gelatinous flesh that, every now and then, popped a bubbling bubble to its surface. The Thing had virtually enclosed Whit in a

caisson of slumpy party, but he didn't seem to notice.

"Ah, Bing," he said, turning to greet me. The Thing rumbled with him, and I could see skeins of dripping creaminess reaching out to me from the front of where its head would have been, if it had a head. Instead, it seemed to be all face, nothing but face. That's the only way I can describe it. "This is Bob. He's a hacker from Wichita, Kansas, and Gable. He dropped by to fly a most interesting Thing by us."

"I'll take it from here, Whit," said the Thing, and it didn't so much move toward me as simply fill the space between us. Its eyes were very close upon me now, and I could feel its cold breath on my face. It settled like . . . like condensation. "It's essentially an at-sea-for-suit swap, moving your company into a sector that's now enjoying growth at the low double digits," said the Thing, and I could feel myself growing anxious. After all, hadn't our growth rate been hovering well below that level since Nancy Reagan ran the country? Who was I to close the door on a bold strategy move?

"Yes, sure, you can smell what I mean," said the Thing, moving in closer by leg, but the top of Whit's coffee table. It has and I am of . . . come to my attention left warm. I realized that a soft, sticky appendage of some kind had been thrust down my pants and was wrapping itself around my waist, my legs, my . . . groin.

"No!" I yelled at the top of my lungs. "Corporate culture! The Thing shrunk back, emitting as it did an awful, groaning, screeching noise. "Long-term vision! Commitment to the customer! Looking to the future!" It was whispering and crawling back into itself now. I took all my personal force into my lungs and belched out. "Business has a responsibility to provide a home for its workers. The corporation belongs to the people!"

"Bismarck!" the Thing bellowed, a horrible noise that loudly emerged from the walls around me. The sound-proofing of Whit's office began to fracture. Whit himself had disappeared altogether, had turned into a suppurating mound of calcareous and protein. I pushed my way through the portal of what remained of his steering office and fled

down the hall. The Thing gave a deafening roar but did not follow. Was it possible that it was not yet strong enough to live outside the executive suite?

Now, as I write this, I have it screeching and chattering outside my door. I will have to speak with it, I know. They will not let me out without one more conference. I mean be strong. I will be strong. I am opening the door.

Hi, I've back. Did I mention that the growth rate in the theme park business is going through the roof? It is, you know. And there's a lot more detail, too, that I wish I had time to tell you. Unfortunately, I've got a three-week deadline meeting with the guys now to work out where we want to go with this Thing, which, you know, it was all due last when you got your arms around a fly. Sorry for all that cancer stuff I said before. I take it all back.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to rush that shit of weird, gray neck back into the floor of my altar and let the elevator back. See ya!

Stanley Bing is the author of *Crazy Boxes* and is a contributing editor of this magazine.

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THE SPORTING LIFE: MIKE LUPICA

Maharishi Riley and the New-Age Knicks

SOMEHOW THE WORD has gotten out: Pat Riley is here, somewhere inside the Knicks' offices on the campus of the State University of New York at Purchase. School is out for the summer, but a crowd has gathered to greet him. Young girls holding pieces of paper and autograph books produce rock-star gasps, then sighs, every time the door to the building opens and Riley, one of the last leading men of sports, fails to step into the light. «The air outside is nearly 100 degrees—too hot for basketball—but that doesn't seem to

wake the girls' enthusiasm. They are willing to wait as long as it takes to catch a look at Riley, the single biggest sports star in New York, bigger than any of his players, bigger than any man in baseball, football, or hockey. He hasn't played in the NBA since the '70s—he wasn't much good—and he hasn't coached a championship team since 1981, when Magic Johnson and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar were with the Lakers. In New York, though, Riley is considered a godsend. He gets all the credit for single-handedly bringing Knicks basketball back to life and awakening a once-great giant known as Madison Square Garden. With Riley as coach, Knicks fans believe the team can once again reach the summit and bring an end to twenty years of despair.

Riley's secretary, a pleasant woman named Miss, appears outside the office now, smiling at all the commotion surrounding her boss. She carefully collects the slips of paper held in the outstretched hand of each girl.

"We're going to do this all in one shot," she says.

A girl up front, tall with straight blond hair, tries to hand her a Big pen. "Don't forget that!" she says, almost in glee.

"I think I can scrape one up inside," Miss tells her.

"You can get him to sign them all!"

"It's my job, practically," Miss says, squeezing indoors to deliver the stack of paper to coach Riley. Behind her, the smiles from his young fans are practically religious.

THE LAST TWO seasons have been a heady time for this coach and his players. In Riley's first year, the upstart Knicks took Michael Jordan's Bulls to seven games in the second round of the playoffs. Last year, upstarts no longer, they

won sixty regular season games, beat Chicago twice in Madison Square Garden during the Eastern Conference final, and ground to a halt with four straight disheartening losses.

Now coach Riley sits in his office, a cool, dark, and quiet haven, and prepares to go after the Bulls and the rest

He taught his team showtime. But will they remember their mantra?

of the league once again. He sits in a cream-colored polo shirt and cream-colored slacks, soft loafers, and no socks—maybe half an hour from the city and the Garden and all the noise that will greet him and his team when the new season starts.

"It's been a quiet summer," he says, breaking into a smile. "I've just come back from California, and I know I probably look tanned and rested." The smile disappears. "But I've been pissed off all summer long."

When he isn't out coaching, Riley likes to fixate himself a hard-gut motivational speaker. If he weren't under contract with the Knicks right now, you might even find him on television, in one of those infomercials telling people how to get rich and powerful in thirty minutes—like the guy with the big hair from Turkmenistan is always talking to Riley's new book, *The Winner Within*, published early this fall, has that same rap. Presidents and CEOs of big companies will buy it and press it to their breasts with great delight. *The Winner Within* covers



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THE SPORTING LIFE MIKE LUPICA

baseball—a lot, in fact—but only as a friend of offense. The real focus is Riley's "Take Piss for Team Players." You will find him, on almost every page, talking about things like the "drama of me" and the "come sense of conspiracy."

"I believe in these things," Riley says. "This book is who I am."

"Are you worried that people might pick it up and think that you have turned into Marianne Williamson?" I ask.

The bridge gets a laugh.

"I'm a baseball coach," he says. "I'm the first to admit that I don't deal very well with some of the reality of life, the false message of the cynical and jaded people who seem to be all around us. I believe that if you're going to be part of a team, if you're going to be a team player, you have a responsibility to declare your intentions. You're in or you're out. It's that simple."

"I tell my players that from the very beginning, I have to trust the coaching. I have to trust the players, they have to trust me. We go from there."

In his book, Riley writes about a "Ladder of Baseball."

From nobody to sport
From sport to contender
From contender to winner
From winner to champion
From champion to dynasty

It seems to make perfect sense. The Knocks were "far tracking" in his first year, Riley says. They were able to go from nobody to contender in a rush. Last season it seemed they might jump all the way to champion, but they were stopped short by the Bulls. They have French Horn, one of the game's best hitters, and John Starks on emerging as a guard. They play the best defense every night and can out-rebound any team. But they might never win a championship as presently constituted, even with Riley at the helm, because they play basketball in Michael Jordan's world.

"It's a problem," Riley says. "No question. There were a lot of talented players, great players, in the Western Conference in the Two Players who were good enough to win championships. Players who deserved to have championships. They never did because it was their misfortune to have

been born roughly at the same time as Magic Johnson, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, and James Worthy."

Even after the Knicks lost games three and four to the Bulls last year, they still had the home-court advantage. If the series were seven, two of the last three games would have been played in Madison Square Garden. The Bulls had been the champions of basketball for two seasons, but it had been a while since they'd won on Third-third Street and Seventh Avenue in New York City.

Games five changed all that. It was the game that has made Doc Riley angry all summer. In a hard-fought contest, the Knicks came unglued. They missed fifteen free throws. Charles Smith, a steady power forward, had the ball air-burned the Knicks' basket in the final: foul seconds and four times he couldn't convert. Four times he could not get the ball past the swarming arms of Jordan's Bulls.

"We weren't ready to take the next step," Riley says now. "People can talk about free throws and Charles not dunking that ball when he first got it—the only real chance he had—but we were not ready. Whatever that deep voice inside you is that won't allow you to miss those shots, those free throws, it was so there for us in games five. We had some scary games, and we had won the home court, but it looked out at the team that day hours before the game, and felt a sense of impending doom."

He stops for a moment, letting the silence speak for him. "I'm going to tell you something," he says. He takes off the huge championship ring on his left hand, the one from the Lakers championship is why. "It may sound like a contradiction to what's in the book, what I believe, but it's not." He holds the ring up. You can see the diamonds in the shape of a basket and a ball. "The last step toward getting one of these cannot be coached."

THE KNICKS PLAN TO BEGIN working things out this year in a generous retreat in Charleston, South Carolina. With Riley their training camp in state to be more spiritual than physical.

"My job this season is to assure there is no hangover from last season," he says, still fiddling with his ring, so

THE SPORTING LIFE

though it is some kind of omen. As if the secret is in there with all the diamonds, the one that Michael Jordan knows, the one Magic had, and Bill Russell before him.

"The expectations were so high last time," he says. "There was anticipation, all season long, that something good was going to happen. I was excited and the players were excited and so was New York. It was all around you, and then we could not, for whatever reason, deliver on all that. We played with heart and excitement, and we were right there. But we could not deliver. Now we must come out of Charleston with a new sense of mission."

We always shoot for some kind of move in New York, some sort of change, when the team does not win. Last season the Knicks added seven new players, but Doc Rivers, the wise old head who plays guard for Riley, says they can win without adding a thing to this team.

"I've been hurt worse than this before," Riley says. Richard Ham on the wall is a huge depth chart. "The '91-'92 season, when [the Lakers] checked to the Celtics, that was a bad time for me. I have for three months, because I made a couple of coaching blunders that really cost us." He puts his hands together, as if in prayer, under his chin. "I can teach there to get over this."

I ask him about coaching legend Don Shula, a two-time Super Bowl champion in the '70s who may never again get to win the big game. I ask Riley if he would enjoy coaching if he had to start from scratch, if he had to figure out a way to rebuild the Knicks without a Irving or a Stagnale O'Neil or an Alonzo Mourning.

"I could be happy," he says. "There is and a compulsion to compete, a competitive ring, that exists inside me. My goal is to win championships. But I don't have to win championships to keep coaching."

It's a great story with a great stage. It will be interesting to see how it ends, this season and the one after that, and the one after that. It will be interesting to see what happens if the women's series cannot get out of it.

Mike Lupica writes for the New York Daily News and is a regular on ESPN's The Sports Reporters.

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THE DEATH OF HOPE

Vincent Foster had too much loyalty, too little perspective, and a depression that cost him his life. The Washington establishment still doesn't get it.

By Gregory Jaynes

THERE'S A STORY due in the days after Vincent Foster's death, a great argument was struck between an adviser to the President and the incoming, syndicated bigshot Robert Novak. Novak, trying to work his way to the bottom of things, was demanding to know what the White House had to hide. The adviser tried to explain: "Novak, the President's a deeply religious man, which means that he believes that some things are mysteries. He's trying to remain a friend."

"Come on," replied Novak, "the world is made of questions to be answered!" The President's trust, in an unlikely turn, put an end to the discussion by quoting the sublimely rhetorical

Pascal: "Novak," he said, "the heart has its reasons that reason cannot know."

It will be remembered that Deputy White House Counsel Vincent W. Foster Jr. was the most powerful Washington official to commit suicide since 1949, when freshly seated Secretary of Defense James Forrestal took flight on the sorry wings of his despair and fell sixteen floors. Forty-four years later, on a white-risky July day, Foster drove from the White House to the Potomac, much as ancient Cato in his mouth, and conceded victory to his depression.

Washington received the news as if the death were just another tough nut to be cracked by a blue ribbon panel or some haphazard investigative reporter. But when it comes to suicide and explanations, we are all at sea. It is our perception that

At first, those who knew Foster assumed foul play. "Don't believe a word you hear," said Associate Attorney General Webb Hubbell. "It was not suicide. It couldn't have been."

scalable people are more likely to cut out the lights, but due to our ignorance. Successful people, particularly white men from middle age on toward the wise (Foster was forty-eight), tell themselves all the time: We know the rudiments of brain chemistry, but not enough for satisfactory answers to this profound question. We have drugs to temporarily soothe the nervous mind, but Foster came too late to pharma-cology. We have psychiatrists, but Foster passed them by as well. We don't know how much was cerebral (Washington gave the man deep unappreciation) and how much internal (a man doesn't give you a good guess about his demons) or which held sway, at least.

A few days after the body was found, in a separate park on the far side of the Potomac, I went to Hope, Arkansas. Among the countless consequences of Foster's death was the erosion of a lifelong friendship with a Hope boy named David Rosefield. By adding, I mean that they were born four days apart, that they were deluged by the same physician, Dr. Luther Lile, and that they squirmed a crib or two away from each other in the nursery ward at Johns Chester Hospital. A year later, during the same assembly line, came Mack McLary, now the White House chief of staff, and Bill Clinton, leader of the world.

"People who leave a nest like this, well, other people don't understand them," Rosefield was saying as he drove me around Hope. From the center of town, you can drive twenty blocks in one direction and be out of town. "So any within the city limits, Rosefield had to keep running around. "When I moved to Houston, they didn't know who I was. I kept wanting to say, 'You don't understand! I'm Dad's boy, the state policeman for thirty years. My uncle works in the bank. You know Dale! Everybody who's had a loan knows Dale.' Oh, and when I went a car, I go to Billy Bell's. Right there in his lot. It's the support system you get in these little old towns. When people don't know who you are, well..."

He went trailed off. He was trying to explain why he thought Vince Foster lost himself in Washington, and arrived to the day after the inauguration in the end, Rosefield seems did explain, he just talked about growing up with Vince in Hope in the 1940s, and in the doing explained.

In a now-famous note he wrote and then tore to bits, Vince Foster confessed, "I was not meant for the job or the spotlight of public life in Washington. Here, running people is consistent sport." The day after disclosure of the contents of the note, the *New York Times*, in an editorial, called Foster "a highly-motivated innocent from Arkansas." The editorial's principal thrust was a call for an outside look at several White House internal advisers, including the handling of Foster's death, but, for the moment, let's just pause at one of the most misquipped paragraphs to appear in the paper in a long time:

As for the capital, Mr. Foster's talents, not most about the mystery of political life in Little Rock than it does about Washington. President Reagan's Californians and particularly President Carter's Georgians took their little, but they came to Washington with a better understanding of the

difference between political conflict and personal attack. The culture of the Clinton campaign encouraged a sense of aggression and a willingness to regard civic and enemy as interchangeable terms.

The paragraph isn't wrong; it is just vicious. It says: "Thicker your back or pick up your axles, Mr. Reagan." In his last written utterance, Vince's words: "The public will never believe the innocence of the Clintons and their loyal staff."

The note, written on a single sheet of yellow legal paper, made two points as though Foster were working up a low howl or a speech, subject to be flushed out later. Read one way the note listed his reasons to resign. Read another, it sounded like self-defense: "I did not knowingly violate any law or standard of conduct"—as though he were preparing to appear before some judge. In a third reading, well, he may have been squaring his personal ledger for the definitive judgment call.

Lawyers defending insurance companies in suicide cases—cases, that is, in which families are suing to collect premiums, claiming accidental death—have to concede with a legal leer called "presumption against suicide." What it is, is an acknowledgment from a judge to a jury, telling the jury to side head of the very crash that death by suicide is so improbable because most persons cling to life. The rationale, as accepted by courts nationwide, is based upon probability, on the rank of human experience, the universal assumption that there is a love of life. Having been told about the "presumption against suicide," two thirds of juries, no matter the facts, come back in favor of the folk using the insurance company.

The reason I know this is that Philip Carroll gave me a long, dull paper on the subject. Carroll is a senior partner at the Rose Law Firm in Little Rock, the state's most prestigious, the firm Vince Foster left, after twenty-two years, to go to Washington. Carroll was Foster's mentor, godfather to his children. Carroll has read a number of suicide cases, representing the insurance companies. But when word reached him of Foster's suicide, it wasn't his training that denied it, it was his heart. "I keep imagining the moment just before it happened," Carroll was saying in his office one sweltering day in August. He was obviously in pain, but calmly: "I keep saying 'no! That wasn't Vince Foster! He was my favorite. He was so competent. He was a very strong individual. I kept coming back to foul play. There had to be foul play involved.'"

All Arkansas, and especially those who knew Foster, shudder the news when the first reports came out, including Associate Attorney General Webb Hubbell, another Rose firm graduate summoned to Washington by the Clinton administration. "Webb called me at midnight the night it happened," Carroll said. "He said, 'Don't believe a word you hear. It was not suicide. It couldn't have been.'" Carroll and Hubbell were thrown together several times the next few days, but Hubbell never voiced his doubts again.

Hillary Clinton had been another partner at the Rose, another under Phil Carroll's wing. The night after Foster's



After the note was pieced together, Washington fell to self-stroking introspection. The system can flush a tenderheart in the bat of an eye, but it wasn't designed to kill.

body was found, Phil Carroll and his wife slept in the Lincoln bedroom at the White House at Hillary's invitation. "It would have been such an experience, that time-for-deep bed—oh, if it hadn't been for the tragedy!" By then the nurses were cranked: Vicer was gay, either that or Vicer was kidnapping Hillary—oh, no! Well, then, he wanted to. No, he knew too much about a sensitive Pentagon investigation and the generals had him and Or wherever. Next morning, the Carrolls had breakfast with the President. "He was so affirmative about not being oppressed by the press," Carroll remembers. "He said the staff, 'Don't let them get you. We know what they're up to, and we're not going to let them get by with it.'"

IN LITTLE ROCK, Foster enjoyed five years. Still, he represented the Arkansas Gazette, he and Carroll, in many a First Amendment challenge. Bob Douglas, senior editor of the Gazette (the Gazette is retired as well, gobbled up by a chain and merged with the most Democratic and now published as the Democrat-Gazette), remembers Foster "took things hard. You wanted him on your side in a legal fight but you'd better be on the side."

Foster was in number-one attorney at the White House, Kenneth Nordstrom was too. But Nordstrom wasn't from Maine, by way of the Rust Belt, he was from New York, by way of Hartford, Elyria, Rome, & Kato. Consequently, in the minds of the Clinton, when it came down to that sort of homeboy trust reserved for the guy holding the rope—you know, the rope, as in the movie, as in prepuce, as in that over-ascending, spinning screw in the guy lets go—the number-two, Foster, became third dog. Or at least he felt that way. He took everything personally: Zoe Baird, Kimba Wood, Louis Gansser, the corporate takeover/mergers scene.

He had been the Clintons' personal secretary at White Rock and had done a good job protecting them, but in Washington nothing fit this seemed to meet with the kind of respect he was accustomed to in Arkansas. Hillary got mad for keeping her health-care task force private. Foster felt a legal wiretap on a. Doing his job. Working long hours. Working. The kind of doing he was praised for in Little Rock. But back out there comes the Wall Street Journal telling about the "Romney chip" and getting the "Clinton code to obey the law" and how "the Clintons, as it were, again allowed history to swallow more principle" (his last one under the headline "HYPER-SECRET'S VICTORY"). One of the two points in the new record together after Foster was dead and buried. The WSJ edition left without consequence.

It was all unraveling; it wasn't what he thought it would be. He "never in a million years" expected to work on the White House, he told the *Arlene Dorman-Guerra*. "I did not have a full appreciation of the variety of issues that the office would face, nor the time demands." He went on to say "There are day-to-day policy decisions that have to be made that affect millions of Americans and sometimes billions

dozen. That's pretty handy stuff." To get through it, he said, he had to "deal with the unit on the table and then move on to the next task on the table, because if I stopped and backed up and thought about the enormity of the issues that this office deals with, I might freeze."

AROUND THREE A.M. made the two-hour drive from Little Rock to Hope, ending Rogers' body. It was 125 degrees at the roadside life the Cadillacs of the 1950s drew, and as the beam turned southeast on Interstate 40, the driver and all the drivers behind him, flood-lit head on wings dancing over the asphalt way down under the Alouatta County line, the liquor signs glared up—Lance Chubb's Liquors and the bar—and the billboards announced a herd of wild animals out. Out in the country, now where Jesus roved the land, churches had names like Word Alive! On the car radio there were headlines and obituaries and *Soapy Smith* ("It's just this thing in the front yard it's uh, it's uh, uh, uh, uh? I don't know what it is. I guess have to go ask my priest when he gets off"). In Hope, the dad-dad presidential train posted off and pulled over at the Chomco, Chelsea had to go.

Once again atop the road the President passed the doghouse, adobe-chunged place he had lived in when Vice President Ford lived as the big brick house. From the way back in the days when the milk truck brought the milk up, The Powers knew less about the Clinton house, showed it. Clinton had moved into the father's old home backyard, replaced the Clinton's old house, a large, two-story, white, brick house, a modern a dormitory. The Foster backyard could handle a marching band. Clinton said they used to play a game with pocketknives in the yard out there. "The knives didn't stick, but the friendship did," Clinton said. The newsmagazines and the national papers searched their sources for the proper spelling of obscure local names and came up with mendacity. "South will tell you," Clinton said. "South is not here, it's South will tell you." No southern names here, including Clinton, but ever and now Southern. Mumfries.

The procession drove on over the old Missouri Pacific Railroad tracks, passed what is left of downtown, passed the penitentiary on the site of a brick building that said COCA-COLA BUSINESS BEFORE US, ONT ON DRUGS (and all the aging Hippie boys in the funeral remembered the 1960s Coca-Cola ads) and how they used to order Coca-Cola and blow the wrappers off their noses at the vending, and went on out to the new cemetery on the east end of town, the Memory Garden Cemetery, and buried Vince Foster at a station called the Garden of Prayer. Addressing the funeral, the Reverend Father John J. O'Connell, pastor of St. Ignace, said on Markham Street he knew what he was doing, and flew south by himself back to Washington. A bunch of the Hippie people went over to the bar at the Memory Club to have a beer and remember Vince and watch their

alives on CHN and will move west smooth as met rocks

Before the Country Club, you couldn't get a legal drink in Hope. The women visited the town and the country dry in 1944, while the men were away at war. Some of the smiling GIs I've ever seen can be found in faded photographs of returning Hope veterans. All these Hope boys born in the end of the war were left to rely on Nub, the non-sexed bartender. "A quart of Finland was a dollar or you could get a Schlitz subway for fifty cents," Purcell said. "That was our rate of passage. We didn't have any cashmere, or at least none that we knew about." In reminiscing the worst of their being home, he and Vince's, Purcell declared, "Charging the water tower or painting claim or '55 on the side of a bridge was as much as it got."

Joe Parvus, another successful lawyer in Little Rock who graduated from Hope High School with Foster and Patterson, said you couldn't classify any of them as "goodby-two-shoes." He said the Hope boys of the Fifties would start a watermelon just as casually as the next man. Or stage Rose-pine-candle fights on the lawn of city hall on New Year's Eve. You would talk about wild behavior.

The day after the body was found, Purvill's Little Rock office received fifty-seven calls concerning Vince, the preponderance of them from reporters looking for a quote. Purvill reached his old peakbook, *The Folio*, at old Porterfield down in Hope, and dialed practically every other surviving member of the class of '69 graduates, there have been some deaths (four of them suicides, all but one of those suicides no surprise), and mailed it for answers. There was Vince on page 100, every other page number on the basketball team roster (outstanding for the "Kappa" team, president of the school, and a member of the "Kappa" team). Vince, said Vince, was the smoothest dancer she'd ever seen—until Vince was Cary Grier. And Purvill's eye fell on yet another graduate of Vince and he had to hazzard: Look, in her reading there was a hint on his section—out. Cary Grier.

"What were what you would call cook," Peruvito told me a few days later. "He was the embodiment of good looks and physical grace. But even though he was a pretty man, he wasn't the sort that other men resembled. He didn't walk with much in the way of grace. He was six feet three and not heavy in the front, growing up, his nickname was *Pezal*. And he had that quick smile. And he had another quality: Cary had never lost his cool, he never lost his composure. He had a shy, dignified manner, but he heard that once about when Clinton was looking for help in '54. He was in the kitchen, and he was grumpy, and he was a little out and finally, well, on that day he said, 'Clay, stop, stop. I'm fed up.' He just had a reserved personality. Cary Grant didn't feel he had to come out and reveal and make the outside jumping beans. Vince didn't, either. He just was not a half-fillyow and sort politician."

The last time Parvaz spoke with Foster, in late spring, on the phone, Foster mentioned the long hours, the extraordinary workload, and the awe in which he continued to hold the White House. Parvaz recalls, "I said, 'Hm—no, I stopped calling him that after he went up there.' I said, 'Look, Shik, don't work yourself to death, you hear?'"

About the time Parry spoke with Foster, Foster wrote letter, on White House stationery, to Phil Carroll at the Row Law Firm. He was responding, belatedly, to a letter of one Gustavinos Carroll had written him. In his own note, Carroll had apologized for the way he had taken the news of Foster's departure. "When Vince came in here and told me he was going to Washington, it was just like a ton of bricks."

bricks. I thought he was with the Rose Law Firm for life. Maybe I was naive. He closed the door and I said, 'Oh, damn! I wish Bush had won.' I wrote him later and apologized. Foster responded, in part:

I have never worked so hard for so long in my life. The legal issues are mind-boggling and the case pressures are immense. The day-to-day work, however, is extremely challenging and professionally exciting. . . . The pressure, financial sacrifice, and family disruption are the price of public service at this level. As they say, the wind blows hardest in the eye of the hurricane.

At the time, Foster was living in a cramped D.C. apartment. At a Washington reception he stretched out his arms and explained to a fellow Arkansan that from fingertip to fingertip was about all the domestic space he had to make room for. He was organized from his laundry for the first time, and anchoring his desk so audaciously he seldom was the light of day. In Little Rock, he had worked long and hard, but he was compensated \$300,000 a year, more than for his skills, and was more than anything, comfortable. At the desk of business he carpooled twice with Carroll—the loved two blacks apart—and, more often than not, worked a word, just thinking about the day. And then he went into his house in a lofty suburb called the Hughes, to write. He wrote a lot of letters, overlooking the Arkansas River. If you haven't been in the Hughes before, you've been to Goose Pond or Henshaw or Mount Zion or Short Hills or Thrash Hills or River Oaks or Shalimar. The Hughes is where Vince Foster used to live, and now he dwelled in a room.

ALTHOUGH THE BOYS IN BOYS went to kindergarten together at Miss Mary's School for Little Ladies on East Second Street, Newberg, Oregon, David Porterfield found a 1990 receipt for his tuition on the back of one of his mother's recipes "Two babies' stomachs," he said. "Pretty cheap baby-sitting."

We were sitting in Butterfield's on 4th Park, where people were putting together the annual Hugs Watermelon Festival. There would be acts and crafts, and vendors the likes of neoprene, but the biggest draw for the town of Hope, a town, would be a curious model of a single-person engine from an old John Deere tractor. This motor was called Pop per's Johnson. "Women don't understand why men like to listen to engines," Butterfield explained. "A man can hear 'I Chvey to stay dry, or a Harley Davidson, and he just can't tell a woman what it means to him. Some of these old farmers will stand around that tractor's Johnny for hours."

Once we were on the road, a cop passed us, raising a under-finger off his steering wheel in greeting. We passed a pasture where the Dixie Drive-In used to be, a chaotic auto something he fondles on the thumbsticks that were clacked the flybushes under his foot. All the boys of Hope drove dignifiedly when they were fourteen—it had something to do with Forster's dad, Ted, the state trooper, looking the other way—and Vince had the use of a tubercular jerg when his father didn't need it as transport to and from Yellow Creek where he shot ducks. They'd made me, convinced me that

The Private Michael Jordan

In these exclusive excerpts from his new book, Rare Air: Michael on Michael, the Bulls superstar offers a never-before-seen view of his life beyond the marquee image



By Michael Jordan with Mark Vancil
Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr.

FOR MICHAEL JORDAN, who seemed to lead an almost perfect life, who practically walked on air, it was a tumultuous year, a year in which he went from on-court legend to tabloid fodder, a year in which he won his third championship but lost his father to a random act of violence and battled to maintain his untarnished reputation.

For the first time in his career, he seemed to sense his mortality in the game. The door to his inner sap-phen, once open and accessible, had closed slowly over

ON THE ROAD IN MIAMI: "I WOKE UP ON THE SOFA AT ABOUT 9:00," JORDAN SAYS. "MICHAEL FLOPPED ONTO THE SOFA WITH HIS FAVORITE FRIEND, THE REMOTE CONTROL. OFF THE COUCH, HE'S ALWAYS HORIZONTAL."



the years. Because of him, the Bulls were one of the first NBA teams to use private charter flights; their trainer's room was designated off limits to reporters; even the practice facility became a secured compound for players. On the following pages we find a photographic record of Jordan safeguarded and on again, as well as his own words on what it was like to be Michael Jordan in this last incredible year. *Rare Air* went to press the day after the discovery of his father's body was announced. Jordan had time to add only one line: "In memory of my father, James, who passed away during the printing of this book."

JORDAN ON FAME

THERE ARE A LOT of people who say they would like to be Michael Jordan for a day or a week or a month. But that's not life. You've got to do it three, four, five years and see everything build to the point where your privacy has disappeared and your life, virtually every moment of your life, is being measured. Sure, for a day, a week, or maybe even a month, it might be fun. You might get a free meal somewhere or have the opportunity to drive different cars. But what could someone send you? Lacrosse plates off your cut, every cut, every other week.

ON SUPERSTITION

MY RITUAL is the same before every game. I wear a different pair of shoes every night. When I explain why, everyone can relate. Anybody who goes out and buys something new, let's say a new suit, you feel good about it. I wanted to feel that way every game. I always lace up my own shoes. I take my time because I want there to be lace'd a certain way and it's something that keeps me busy. As far as the shoes go, I got them away unless it's a memorable game. I have the shoes from the 63-point game against Cleveland in 1990. The 63-point game against Boston in the 1990 playoffs, I have those too. And I've kept my shoes from every championship game. . . . I wear my Carolina shorts every game, every day. As long as I have these shorts on, and I have them on whether I'm playing a game or wearing a suit, I feel confident. Other than the Carolina shorts, the only superstition I have is that I have to get my ankles taped last.

Rare Air **Air** Michael to Michael by Michael Jordan. Photographs by Milton Kane Jr. Edited by Mark Vinick. Copyright © 1993 *Rare Air* Ltd. Published by Collins Publishers San Francisco.

I love to compete, and it isn't the money. If I'm going to play, I play to win.



POUR CHAMPAGNE CELEBRATION IN PHOENIX: "THE BULL WAS \$700 AND IT WASN'T EVEN WHAT HE OBTAINED." JORDAN SAYS

I have a terrible phobia about water. And I'm not embarrassed to say that.



AT HOME WITH
BONE MARROW AND
JEFFREY. "I WONDER
IF MICHAEL THOUGHT
THE TUB WAS TOO
DEEP," JONES SAYS.

ON FATHERHOOD

I KNOW ALL OF THIS is based on my children. I try to provide a normal life for them. But right now I can't be there for Little League practice. I can't be there to help them with their homework. My wife, Jeanette, is really my constant with the children. I do miss all the runs that I'm not there. They change so much. My little girl, Jasmine, was starting to crawl by the end of the playoffs. I had missed the whole stage where she started to stand up, where she tried to move but really couldn't get going. I missed all that.

My sons are really different. Jeffrey is very outgoing. He's a people person. He'll sit and talk to anybody. Marcus is different because he's so independent. Unless you're a woman. If you're a woman, Marcus will come up and kiss you all day. He loves women. He's a woman's man right now. I think they'll both end up being athletes. Jeffrey will probably be a baseball or basketball player. He has good eye-hand coordination and big hands. For Marcus, he has really big hands, and he's so aggressive. I can't see Marcus doing anything but playing football. Growing up, I was a lot like Marcus. I was independent, always in trouble. If I didn't like somebody I wouldn't talk to them. I did what I wanted to do.

ON FEAR

MY KIDS love the water, but not me. I've had too many bad experiences. When I was seven years old, I was out playing in the ocean with a friend. I couldn't swim, so we were just looking around, body surfing and riding the waves. Then the undertow grabbed his leg. The next thing I knew, he was going under and he put the death lock on me. He was trying to take me with him. He needed help, but I couldn't help him because I wasn't a swimmer. I did all I could to keep him from going out to sea, to keep both of us from going out. I finally got free and made it back to shore, but he never made it. He drowned.

When I was twelve, I remember almost drowning myself. We had just won the state baseball championship and we were celebrating. Everybody was hopping in the pool. I put myself on one of those beach balls and gave kind of a ride in the water. Anyways, one kid did a cartwheel. He jumped in and knocked the beach ball out from under me. I just kept going down. I went down once, twice, and the third time one of my

comment grabbed my hand and put me on the side of the pool. I wouldn't have made it otherwise.

Then, North Carolina had this rule where you couldn't graduate unless you passed a swimming test. So, like a fool, I'm thinking I'm the greatest athlete around and I'm going to try to pass the test. You had to swim the length of the pool, then back, and tread water. I went down twice. They threw me that bag of rice. You couldn't see anything but a blur grabbing for that rice.

I know that's kind of embarrassing, but I don't give a damn. Give me my swimsuit back and let me out of here. I have a terrible phobia about water. And I'm not embarrassed to say that. Nobody's afraid of swimming, so just don't ask me to go near any water.

ON GAMBLING

I LOVE TO COMPETE, and it isn't the money I like the challenge. I could play you for a dollar but like I've said before, if I'm going to play, then I'm going to play to win. That's fair.

I've never known competing to be a major problem. I don't believe I've ever heard of Compensatory Anonymity. I know I'm not at a point in my life where I'm jeopardizing my family's standard of living with any gambling that I might do. I am nowhere near that.

ON RETIREMENT

WHEN I LEAVE, it will be good-bye, thanks, and, hopefully, we've all enjoyed each other along the way. You won't see me around the game like my friend Magic Johnson. I won't be doing television. I don't want to coach and

don't want to own a team. I'll be gone. I'm not going to walk out with people saying, "It's just as well. He couldn't play anymore anyway."

I know there will be pressure on me to stay. But that will be my opportunity to tell people why I played the game. It's never been for money and it's never been for glory. If you don't believe me, then just watch. And take a good look because one minute I'll be there and the next minute I'll be gone. W

THE IRVY HAND
(ACTUAL SIZE)

When I leave, it will be goodbye, thanks,
and, hopefully, we've enjoyed each other.



ON THE GOLF COURSE: "JENNIFER WAS PREGNANT WITH JAZZUNE AND MICHAEL CALLED HOME TO SEE HOW SHE FELT," LEONARD SAYS. "HE SPOKE THE NEXT TWO HOURS."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS. STYLING BY JENNIFER HARRIS. HAIR BY JEFFREY HARRIS. MAKEUP BY JENNIFER HARRIS. GOLF COURSE: JENNIFER HARRIS. GOLF CLUB: JENNIFER HARRIS. GOLF BALL: JENNIFER HARRIS. GOLF BALL: JENNIFER HARRIS. GOLF BALL: JENNIFER HARRIS.

Martin Scorsese's Mortal Sins

*He's a god to young filmmakers. Adored by beautiful women. Blessed with the hippest friends and the coolest clothes. So why, in the afterglow of *The Age of Innocence*, is Martin Scorsese sitting home alone?*

BY
MARCELLE
CLEMENTS



IT WAS WHILE we were in the midst of a conversation about *The Age of Innocence* that Martin Scorsese had an asthma attack. I hadn't really noticed that he was having trouble breathing. On the contrary, he seemed to be talking even faster than usual, if such a thing is possible. And then he started swallowing frequently in the middle of sentences.

He suddenly got up, went to the drawer beneath the television, rummaged a while, produced a couple of mints and then came back to the couch and sat down. He said, "Excuse me. That happens when I get excited." Then we continued talking.

Something about that moment kept coming back to me, the two of us sitting around the rather solemn furniture on the second floor of his outside townhouse. I really had to struggle to figure it out because Scorsese is so uncharacteristically that you never feel you can keep him in your view at any one time.

That day, as always, he was very courteous. He was, as always, impeccably attired, his hair had been combed over. He had on an extremely well-cut jacket, a close-fitting khaki shirt, sharp shoes that seemed made of expensive leather. In the vicine opposite us, the Japanese dolls given to him as a present by Kurosawa seemed to mock our conversation with detachment. On the coffee table between us, some silver boxes, one of which sports Donatello's famous French-restaurant distinction about the necessity for the industry to crush out its enemies. And then a silver-framed photo of his nodog, a Gibson Girl named Joan, with her curvaceous and all the current postures. Barbara DeFina. On the wall, a crucifix under glass, an electric guitar under glass, not one but two giant original posters of Rancid's *Good Flowers under Glass*.

The scene lingered in my mind, but it was the asthma attack I kept remembering, as if it were a key to something. When talking to him, one expects at any moment to discover some gracious, fascinating, delicious secret about sex or violence. Consider the toning of the asthma attack. After all, one conversation had certainly been exciting enough, as far as it was concerned, including as they did discussions of God, the church, racism and faith, fear of death, masturbation, teenage All at breakfast's table, one topic replacing another but it was talking about the movie that had unthinkably excited him. Not death or vertigo, but his work.

"It's twenty years since *Mean Streets*," says Scorsese. "And if you told me that I'd be doing *The Age of Innocence* twenty years later, well, I'd be a little bit excited. I'd want to know how I got there."

He says, laughing, "People say to me: 'I thought you died in the *Servant*.' " He looks back at his trophy from his Elizabeth Street, the work of his early film, graciously bequeathed. "Twenty years since *Mean Streets*, Jesus."

His now fifty-five old Scorsese says things have been a little bit easier in the last few years. "I say the last American film crowd voted *Raging Bull* the best American movie of the 1980s. God bless took him out of the hole forever. *Cape Fear* established him as the consummate pro. And now there is

The Age of Innocence, based on Edith Wharton's tale of temptation and corruption among American puritans at the turn of the century a top million movie starring Daniel Day-Lewis, Michelle Pfeiffer, Geraldine Chaplin, and Winona Ryder.

Indeed, you will now hear him described as "the greatest," "the most important" American director. It's not a matter of it is all that comfortable with these words for you to feel, he explains. And also, his hard times are not so far behind him. It wasn't until right when he began to be accepted by Michael O'Connor at CAA, that he was able to get the financing for *The Last Temptation of Christ*, a project that had obsessed him for years and that no studio would back.

In his own mind, he seems no martyr at all. "It's very funny," Scorsese says, remembering his anxiety at the beginning of shooting *The Age of Innocence*. "On the first day of shooting we all looked at one another and said, 'Well, they're all got cameras on, this crew's here, we'd better start shooting because otherwise they're going to think we aren't serious.' Now we really have to do it." This is his feeling every time he starts a movie.

He's often sincerely amazed that he's allowed to make movies. He's worse than modest in his assessment of his own work. When he looks at one of John Ford's films, the comparison is great, whereas his has "no style," he insists.

He told me he thinks film-school kids like his pictures because of the editing. "The old Hollywood tradition was serious editing. You can't see it. You didn't even know there was a cut. And I kind of like the idea of editing the audience by the back of the collar and showing their faces here and then moving them over to these flowers, sitting that over here and pulling back over there."

Mean Streets, Scorsese's first feature, was like some new kind of cinematic explosive. In it, the director had managed to artfully juggle the strange collection of elements of his life up to that point: the childhood on the Lower East Side, the anatomy where he studied to become a priest, NYU films club, the Italian mob, violence, and gang-bull—all this in the decision after the war when pop-art surrealism and all manner hell broke loose.

He'll had broken loose often enough in the statement on Elizabeth Street. He was sick to frequently the other boys called him Marry Bill. He'll be laid up in the house often. He spent a lot of time watching his mother's kitchen, glancing when, like a stage, the big, complicated family his brother's older brother, his parents, both garment-industry workers, the neighborhood with all its violence, the Bowery—all this in the sound of Louis Armstrong and Chuck Berry. It's like cut the window and there'd be all these devils and the jukebox playing "My Blue Heaven" by Duke Domino.

Scorsese became an athlete. "I couldn't run around and play sports without collapsing into a heaving, breathing man of asthma, trying to get some air in my lungs"—his parents took him to the movies when they didn't know what to do with him. He saw *The Bad News*, *Duel in the Sun*. He loved westerns, biblical epics, costume movies. Movies were a lifeline to the imagination. "He became enraptured of the images that came on the screen. He began to draw and his mother stopped. Even now, he has a very unusual way of working. He draws all the shots himself. If the scene he's shown up for shooting, the movie's already been made twice, once in his head and a second time on paper.

"The moviebooks go back to years when I was younger, doing those little drawings in a room by myself, the director. I had them. I've got to have that precision. I've got to be

able to envision a scene. I don't go there in the morning and spend some looking around, sitting on the sun, and then say, 'Oh, yeah, I'll run through the scene.' I wish I could, because that I might have a better time."

Scorsese came out of his room long enough to become an actor boy and eventually decided to attend sensory. There's more debate as to why he left. Was it because he got bull grades or because he couldn't stop thinking about sex? (Or were those the same thing in the 1950s?) And then there was the problem of his education, considered a mortal sin by the church. A mortal sin.

"There was Christ, who spilled his sweat because of not wanting to marry his brother's wife. That was breaking the law of the Levites, and God strikes you dead. I took it very seriously. I said, 'There's offensive to God and well, maybe you should kill yourself!'"

Scorsese often speaks passionately when he's speaking about something that makes him anxious. Did he really think he should have killed himself because he remembered? He did talk about it with his confessor. "And the priest said, 'No, no, it's nonsense. Don't worry about it. You've just got to control your urges, and that was it.'"

"Did you take an interest?"

"No, I did. I did very much so. Until I was about twenty or twenty-one. I know that I couldn't survive with those love, but I think I may still be fighting the pink of that. I've always thought there was too much of an emphasis on sex of the flesh in the church, with the idea of pride as the first sin."

Yes, he did believe in God. Does he still? "As a kid, I always felt it was all the same spirit, we're all part of one, and at death and at birth, it all comes back together. It takes the form of the body, and then the body goes and it goes into another person. It's all one spiritual matter. I always thought about that. And then that movie *The Inevitable* *Swimming Men* reminds me of that at the end when he says, 'I said I was.' Did you ever see the ending?"

HE ALWAYS COMES BACK TO WORK. The words, though, seem especially acute, because not so long ago Scorsese was looked out, at the home of his career. It was while he was in the hospital—wiped out by a combination of asthma and what he calls "a bout with drugs"—that Bob De Niro persuaded him to make *Raging Bull*. He cleaned himself up and put the usually life behind him.

"Sometimes for this same? Some of the most, some of the rights, some of the downs that came up, and some of the people I was with, some, all. But before now, when you get to the point where you can't work, when you can't physically function, it's no good. And ultimately you find that no one really gives a damn. They don't care. You want to kill

yourself, kill yourself? What do they care? You're the one who has to pull yourself together. Some friends will help, but you have to do it yourself."

Consider how it must have felt to have had such a heart out with *Mean Streets* only to fall into professional and creative despondency so quickly. Every film Scorsese made got terrible reviews. He couldn't get financing for his favorite projects. He was one Hollywood casualty at a party who actually laughed in his face at the idea that he'd get financing for another movie.

Then DeFina and I tried to think of another profession after he got a very bad reputation for *Servant* in Hollywood and the plug was pulled on my last *Temptation of Christ*. We had dinner at Hugo's on Santa Monica Boulevard. I think it was. And he said, "What would you do? Would you teach? There's nothing else we could do."

"Could you consider any thing else?"

"Oh, I guess I would be a painter or a priest. A priest, yeah, maybe. Not really. Scorsese. I think the danger for me is that what I'm saying as the painter are things that a person might say in a pulpit, and you have to be very careful. Sometimes I get the church and the movie theatre confused."

I tell him I find his lack of interest about his father days amusing.

"Oh, yeah?" he says, pleased. "Or is it a put-on?" I ask.

"No, I mean, you said I'm funny sometimes," he says. "But I get to tell you, when people say that to me, it's really great. Some people actually like it. Raging Bull, it's a film that I thought was going to send my career. I threw it all in, basically. Showing it, I was going to go to Italy, make some films on the water and that's it, but over the past four or five years I feel free, I really feel as though some people do like the work."

HE TRADES PITCHES about asthma sometimes. "Asthma attacks, no, I never had that," he says. "How about the drinking of the sauce when you're first, some being put up your ass? It was like a. Childhood Opera when they have the wires and they open the guy's crotch, remember? And then the alphas. Did you ever go for the allergy shot, twelve on each arm?"

No, I don't.

"I also think it had a lot to do, my speech pattern had a lot to do with the medication. I got. What I've been doing lately is I try to pull back, to get a better... speak in a more... take the breath. You know, take the breath. But most of the time I get excited when I get on something—it goes flying."

But he says it was never as bad again after making *The Last Temptation*. Something about the making of that movie seems to have led him.

The Age of Innocence, also, in many ways, makes perfect



It was a real spirit of a Mean Streets



Mean Streets, scenes, Gifford, Gifford, and Raging Bull

sense for Scorsese, though it caused much outrage and controversy among the lapses of the hype world. But he's always been successful in working in every genre. A big costume movie had to be coming.

The *Age of Innocence* goes Scorsese, who's often been accused of being preoccupied with violence and the men's world, a chance to make a film about men and women. I point out that he hasn't used any female actresses as consistently as he's used over male actors.

"No, I guess that reveals [my] bias," he says. But he says he likes working with women. "Because I know very little about women, I like them to give me their point of view."

"You know very little?"

"I guess I have no idea. I've been told that from critics over the years. They go, 'Oh, you make a film about guys in the street, you must know nothing about women.'"

"I've talked to a few women about you and they all say the same thing."

He covers his face with his hands.

"No, they all have this wonderfully primitive feeling about you. They say something about you makes them want to put their arms around you. You're kidding your face."

"I'm embarrassed."

"You're embarrassed?"

"Protective, huh?"

He was obviously expecting much worse.

"Have you ever gone through periods where you felt angry at women?"

"Oh, I think in my early teens, yeah. And I think you can see it in *Taxi Driver* and in *Raging Bull*. It's upsetting and destructive and I can't stand it, but damn, that is what the hell it is. I'm going to show it to you, and if you don't like it, don't look at it."

[Paul Schrader's script for *Taxi Driver* was about being angry at women, and about many other things.] he says. "I felt very strongly about it and part of that was not being able to communicate or not being able to have that kind of relationship you thought you would want to have with a quasi-unknown talented woman. And so the pathway and the anger were very real. It was crippling for so many years."

"And do you feel you discovered what caused this crippling?"

"I think it had more to do with me than with them, that's for sure. That may be all the years of analysis. You do the best you can with people and if it's not going to work, it's not going to work, and you have to be prepared to take the punches occasionally that it."

SCORSSE'S FOUR MARRIAGES and his many messy post-marriage love affairs, Scorsese now lives alone. His daughters visit sometimes. He searches infrequently. He attends many official functions. He devotes a large portion of whatever time is left over from making movies to his lobbying efforts for film preservation, his cinema archives, his promotion of old movies. Of what's left after that he reads for himself. He craves the calm ten minutes sleeping, any moments of solitude. When he's at home, his time is spent reading, looking at old videos, documentaries. "I live dissolutely. On anything. Archeology or history, any period." He has no personal life, he says. "The perpetual yes, now."

He tells me that the last time he went on vacation was in 1989. He tried to go away last spring with a friend—one person he is speaking of the actress Diana Douglas (below

check Robert De Niro off in that great *Capo Ray* scene), with whom his friends and the tabloids have, as they say, linked him—but they came back after a couple of days. He got home from work and spends a couple of hours "no sleep in comes" and then he's too tired for anything else. He doesn't even see his old friends, he says. "I mean, I try I try but by the time I'm home I'm too exhausted. And I can't really enjoy the dinner. It's a new people."

He has stopped going out to dinner with actors while working on a movie. It makes him too tired the next day.

He tells me a story. While making *The Age of Innocence*, he and his friend and co-writer Jay Cocks thought they had a long time between takes. Since the local people kept sending over Italian food, which Scorsese loves, he decided to eat some of it. So somebody ate up the meal as his ruler and they sat down and he put on his napkin and he opened a seafood and he had his fork in the air and he was about to put it into his mouth when he was called to the set.

A year later he is sitting at his dressing room, and I can see he is still thinking about that meal! He'd put his fork into and never got to eat. Somehow the image matches him very well.

"But personally, I don't mind that much not having a personal life that way. I don't mind too much."

"Do you get lonely?"

"Yeah, kind of," he says. "But it's not."

"Worth it? Maybe he was going to say necessary."

"Yeah, I think so, at this stage," he says. "Maybe years from now I'll feel differently." As for more life, yes, he needs to communicate. "It's funny, people say, 'Merry, you've got to meet some people.' Merry who? I've got enough friends—I know enough people."

Even people who have known him for a long time describe him as unpredictable.

The features of Scorsese's dolls are becoming indistinguishable to the growing darkness in the room. We're nearing the end of the last of our talks, and his clearly tired. He's put in a long day at the studio firing the movie on the *Age of Innocence* with Robert De Niro. He had a darkening dawn the night before and again today, he tells me. "When the hell was it?" he asks. "There was a good one last week. I dreamt I was directing Marilyn Monroe in *How to Succeed in Love*. I know the war dead and I know the movie was made, but for some reason I was denying it. She said, 'You want to stand here?' I said, 'No, no, no, that's all right.'"

OF WHAT ABOUT HIM? I think about his tale on the drama in *The Age of Innocence*. The unusual reason people are so surprised that Scorsese is making *The Age of Innocence* is that it is not of his world, his class. But for Scorsese, the tale of the man who gives up the other women for the wife is a story about rebellion and giving up passion for convention.

But that can be a good life, too, up to a point," he says.

"There's something that bothers me here," I pipe up. "I mean, *The Age of Innocence* is a tragedy."

"It's very moving," he admits.

"It's very moving," I acknowledge, and that must I'm unwilling to see for his film. I mean, all you say is right, but as the same time one feels terrible sadness."

"Yeah, that's right," he says.

"And one does feel—right or wrong—in the character in *Age of Innocence* has thrown away his life."

"Yeah, some people don't realize that until they're fifty-

eight, fifty-nine years old. And then what are they going to do? Still themselves? I mean, a mistake is what you learn from. Try to keep going, try to be a little more positive. I was very moved by Newland, maybe because I'm not him. I found it fascinating because he was able to have another set of values for the rest of his life."

No, Scorsese's was the Newland Archer character. But he certainly has an streak in common with him, as he did six years ago with the self-destructive pugilist of *Raging Bull*. He's passionate and yet views his own passion with detachment.

"Do you think that in general it's a heartening?" I ask.

"I think so, yeah. I got that impression," says Martin Scorsese. Then he bursts out laughing. "I got that impression. Just now on the TV screen, you'll see me. I really think it's so."

No, he says, he's not scared by aging. "It's not necessarily so," he says. "Diane Keaton said a lot of friends of mine that age, they age, and it has you. You wonder about death. It just makes me want to move faster and work more and then relax, oh, what a second, you can't even say. It's coming to get you, that's it. Just do it within your own time. But aging is kind of—what's the word?—it's kind of a relief. I had a turbulent personal life. Now, that's painful. I don't want to do that. Aging is about getting down to it, getting into the essence of making a picture, creating all the sensory stuff. When I make a film, I'm very interested in you have to take, how many people do you have to have dinner with, you know? Besides the art."

And death?

"You really get upset and you say, 'Oh, I'm going to do, uh, I'm having a great time. The movie's over?'" He laughs.

"Just when you're starting to enjoy it? That's life! That's the reality. It's over."

Scorsese smokes. "I'm angry most of the time," he answers me. He sits, with considerable pride, that as the son of *The Age of Innocence* he was not only the Most Grumpy Award but also the Best Able to Clear a Path Award. "It's out of this that an angry energy, and it's his energy that's not and other creative people want to be around. I'm not. Indeed, he has unusual energy that he pays for dearly. I'm just around, just cranky all my life. I guess I think a lot of it has to do with not being able to breathe fully."

I can just imagine him, too, looking very severe, eating a white soup, he has a strong rigidity. This undergirds that I see him over at a screening, moving through the crowd in his white suit, looking anxious and PK people, wearing such a frowning expression that none of the people who know him seemed to see any help. They just stand at his side.

He's scary it occurs to me. What's frightening is something one sees under all that reserve. It isn't anything he

does, it's something he wants to do his own. "A lot of his feelings in *Taxi Driver* were about the longing, the inability to be able to make any kind of contact. And that was pretty devastating to make a movie about, because you really like it."

His movies really offer no relief, no solution, no resolution, just endless tension without release. And he has left some like that, too. If he continues to be himself, the movie will have him mostly. The cheerful and inspiring, the angry and the self-deprecating grow, all help him wear it well. Many of his old friends are immobilized by him, they say. He was always somewhat removed, but now he's getting unapproachable. Plus, he's become incredibly respectable, cautious, significant. The humility only makes his presence seem even more impressive. It's been and there's something about an interview with him that reminds in audience with the people.

Like it's in his movies that the extraordinary restraint he has taught himself seems in a hardy Art-making may be a time-honored way of indulging in splashes of forbidden passion, but Scorsese's art is so filled with both energy and detachment that release rarely arrives. And it's this pent-up excitement, manifested into the purest cinematic terms, that sends the students into this and will presumably permeate onto the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences to give him one of its greatest honors. Cheers! If there is release in Scorsese's movies, it is always

dangerous. But if this tension without release that he does so well in the archetypal modern expression, does no wonder he is successful in studying the art of a bygone era, as in *Older Whistler* novel. To figure out what lies, what you will know what you have in common.

But finally, when I think of him now, my image is of Scorsese lying on his bed asleep. He told me he often leaves the TV on. He's watching the second show, the wildlife documentaries. That's the sort of days he can stare at for hours.

"But then it gets disturbing," he says. "You see the men in the door running around, you see a horn grab it. I can't take it."

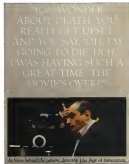
"You can't take it? I ask the director of *Mean Streets*, *Raging Bull*, *Taxi Driver* and *GoodFellas*."

"Oh, I can't take it, no. But I'm fascinated by sexual behavior and what they do and geography."

"I've been trying to take myself into believing that it's beautiful," he says, leaning the wall.

"I can't," he says. "I just feel of depression in the area that, when different and well, I think it's not that that."

So he must have said. And he's lying on his bed, alone. On his right table there's probably a big army of mother's nose, pills, inhalers. A book. But he's just lying there. In his mind there are images, images. Maybe movie, too. "My Blue Heaven" or something. Or little people working around on a chess floor, wearing curvy-of-the-century clothes. Images. ■





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*— Sandy Milne
our Resident Sage*



Sandy Milne holding forth on the pistols



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The men, a brutal lot, were clearly intent on dirty deeds. The scene was the distillate inn at Cock Bridge, in the Highlands. George Smith, maker of The Glenlivet single malt Scotch, was on his way home from a sale of his much-prized whiskey, his money belt stuffed with gold sovereigns.

Also in George's belt, fortunately, were a pair of hair-trigger pistols, given him by the lord of Aberlour. Before the men could jump him, he cocked one of the pistols and fired into the post fire. A cloud of white ash filled the room. By the time it had cleared, George was on his horse and well away.

"If that pistol had misfired," says our Sandy Milne, "there might not be such a thing today as The Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate."



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BY ALEX SHCHUMATOFF

*He was a marine in Moscow; she was a KGB plant.
He turned into "the spy case of the century"; she disappeared. How two lovers
became pawns in a trumped-up national-security scandal.*

THE SILENCED LOVE SONG of PVT. CLAYTON LONETREE

FOR ET LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, is a sleepy antebellum installation on the banks of the Missouri. It was once the extreme outpost on the western frontier, in the heart of Indian country, but since 1875 has been imprisoning servicemen and -women who have broken the code of military conduct. In



the nineteenth century, many of the campaigns against the hostile tribes were launched from here. Leonard Peltier—the Lakota Sioux who was convicted of (and some say framed for) gunning down two FBI agents at Ogala in 1975—is serving consecutive life sentences at the federal penitentiary a mile down the road.

Lowmire's was describing each place as a McDonald's in the center of Vienna. (The account of the interrogation, which Lowmire said was accurate, is from a second book, *The G-2 Men: The CIA Spies I Knew*, by Jake Hadden, an associate for the defense team.) The man in a trench coat, indicated a young man, also in a trench coat, wearing a few rubber army shoes. But said Lowmire, was going to be his "partner." Lowmire had been reading about counterintelligence techniques in John Barry's book *KIM Tides* and he got this up. At Milwaukee he had taken counterintelligence to his office with Vladimir, pointing out a newspaper to him if he was being followed so he made the notes to him more, character notes in types or descriptions were sent to him.

The agents persuaded him to meet them that afternoon at a room in the International Hotel, where they could talk more privately. Lonsner was led to believe they wanted to use him as a double agent, and so without being read his rights, he told them everything. He apparently had no idea the information would be used against him. He was, in fact, assured that his disclosures would be "confidential."

As a street shooting, on Christmas Eve, in the neo-continental style shop, Loewenstein's "partner" introduced him to two "colleagues in counterintelligence." Those were agents from the Naval Investigative Service, which had jurisdiction on this case. Brian McKee, the NIS director at the time, who has since retired and now runs a school in Uptown New York, told Lerner that the CIA and the State Department wanted for several days before informing the NIS if they had a spy. "If my agents they were trying to decide whether they could turn him around and give him operations [i.e. use him as a tool]," he told me. "I said, 'Well, he's probably going to be flipped.' He told me, 'That's possible, it seems, but that Loewenstein was too sophisticated to be of use.'

The two ex-convicts took Laster to the Strandhill Hotel, where they had him sign a paper acknowledging that he'd been read his rights, explaining that this was just normal courtroom-hygiene procedure. Then they flew him to London, where he was jailed in shifts for four days at the Hobsitt Inn near Heathrow airport and had to go through the story all over again, not suspecting that the reason was that his original confession to the CIA had been obtained illegally. Their crime: for Veterans was flat face. "Kill us more about flat face," they would say. "Was she a good girl?"

On the third day they brought in a polygraph technician named Thomas E. Brunson. Lonerne was exhausted, but the NSA was unhappy with what it had so far, so Brunson kept asking him if he'd stolen anything from the Vienna embassy and Lonerne kept saying no. Finally an exasperated Lonerne said, "Look, I've told you everything. What do you want? Do you want me to die?"

"Yes," Branson said. "Tell us some lies." One of Branson's supervisors later justified this tactic to the incredulous Kessler: "To keep the guy talking . . . [you say and hear] Goddamns, Clayton, talk to me. Tell me anything. Tell me a lie." Lee Collins says, Lonsdale's current lawyer, told him this was explained to him as "a technique so he could sell the crash [unofficially]."

So London-born Reemane rose as a whippersnapper. He said he stole (three letters from the CPU), the Moscow Embassy's secret code books. Reemane said, "But they were top secret," and Leemane said yes. Then he said he had stolen two hundred other classified documents that he was supposed to burn. Then he began to hyper-ventilate, and Reemane told him to go to the bathroom and throw secret water on his face. When Leemane came out he said, "I didn't do those things. Those were lies," and said he wanted a lawyer. From London he was flown to Quantico, booked for espionage and thrown in the bag. The NSA informed the press that it had snatched "the first master spy in the Mincro Corst."

There are a number of theories about why such names came there were made about an extremely confused young American. One theory revolves around the NIS, which when it gets a big case can be thrust forward or be bungle it repeatedly. At least this is how a number of cases have been reviewed as performance. Frequently cited cases the NIS is charged with mislabeling include the Walker family spy ring, the [redacted] Pellid case, the fatal explosion aboard the battleship Iowa, and the Tailhook controversy. This poor the NIS need to mention that the first bomb of a year was by a classroom of students at the University of Texas. So, while the NIS is important, what a hell to abolish the agency was introduced in Congress in 1978. And so badly would it bungle the Louvre case that the Justice Department—which normally would have been involved—gave up on prosecuting anybody.

Another theory stems on the low-level warfare that broke out in the early Eighties between the State Department and the various security agencies over the level of security that was appropriate for Moscow. The State Department wasn't about to let the security agents, who were concerned about the luxury of the diplomat, run its life.

In 1974 the meeting halls of seventeen IBM Selectric typewriters, including that of the deputy chief of mission, were found to have been bugged with tiny microphones that transmitted communications immediately to KGB monitors in an apartment across the street. The ploy is all out on whether the secret code room was examined.

Ambassador Harman seemed unconcerned about such breaches. His position was that one should assume the KGB was listening to everything, and "the process of what is happening in the embassy we went through in '82" because that is how information is passed between hostile governments. The Loserov court martial was a victory for the ruble society advocates.

Dean McKee has a different explanation for why the NLS took the Longview violations so seriously. "Around the same time we received reliable intelligence that hostile services were having great success with Marine guards around the world, so we knew we had a problem that was larger than Cheyenne."

A substantial one-dollar, multiagency task force code named Bohled, composed of handpicks of NSA, FBI, CIA, and State Department Diplomatic Security agents and analysts, was created to ferret out the other suspects. Bohled number three either mansion in Meyers "flat," said McGee, "we couldn't take them to trial for the simple reason that all we had was their conclusions." In the case of Clayton we were out his room and found all sorts of very paraphernalia, incense, maps of where to meet, and shopping lists of desired material from the RGL. Just agents had followed him to a motel one and seen known hostess in the area.

"My gut feeling," McKee concluded, "is that when some body on the Soviet side finally talks, a lot more than what has come out will turn out to have happened, and our concerns will be shown to have been justified."

One of the three marines McKee was talking about was Loncoré's replacement, Sergeant Arnold Tracy, who arrived a few months before Loncoré left for Vietnam. Tracy was a mapping African-American, a stocky troop (model marine) from Queens, but he, too, soon succumbed to the charms of a Jewish girl—just Galya, the solitary cook. Like Volterra, Galya invited him to meet her Uncle Sasha. Tracy claims he immediately reported her.

But two months after Dewey declined Gaby's offer to marry him, an ABC-TV sound man who was apportioning for the deputy press attaché surprised Dewey and Gaby apparently having sex in the bedroom. Gaby was working in the capacity of

the attack's daughter Tracy was sent home immediately and demoted to corporal.

Whether Enay actually had contact with the NGB or gave it anything is impossible to determine, given the common notion of the NGB and his frequent story changes. Enay was much more street-smart than Lowmeyer, and he ended up bamboozling his interrogators, boating the emergency rep, and being honorably discharged from the Corps. Tell my number with Enay's father who said, but we would set back to me, but he never did.

In the months following Lott's release, the Redwood State Forest environmental ally attacked and, in 1986, after personnel opened files on all guards, admonished 200 pothole-trail hikers and found nothing solid except abysmal violations of the noninterference rule. On March 31, 1987, with about two hundred unproduced interviewers out of the way, an NBS emergency team ran down with Freese, who was now stationed in Twenty Nine Palms, California. After three days of being grilled, Freese admitted for the first time in knowing he saw well. Galsky, and well before he returned here, and confessed to having met with a different David Shultz, who also told Freese he was all set to do "what Clayton was doing."

He also met and a conference saying that Lovestock obtained his help in turning off the security alarm three times, while he in the BGH was the access code room and other secure areas, for which Lovestock paid him \$1,000. The interrogators then gave Dewey a polygraph test. His statement that he had never provided the Soviets with classified information passed, but on problem no. 10. This result and all others that use results on Dewey's analysis were simply disregarded, according to Kauter.

The following day Brody said that he had been coerced and took back everything, but the NIS wasn't interested. It had the bombshell it had been waiting for, the "biggest spy case in history." The Marine Corps released a statement announcing that it would be bringing new charges against Lamore based on Brody's confession. These charges carried the death penalty. There was no mention that Brody had recanted.

The press, naturally, was enthralled. (See, for instance, *Washington Post* coverage.) But the Russian press was not so enthralled. In fact, the Russian press claimed two days later that national security had suffered "a very great loss" and compared the "massive" penetration of the Moscow embassy with the Soviet secretariat's actions of our flight in Tikhon. All of the twenty-eight Marine guards in Russia were recalled. This showed a marine with a black eye on his cheek.

Then the XIS went on a witch-hunt. All the other marines who had been in Moscow were tracked down and put on the rack. They were persuaded to confess to petty infractions such as selling dollars on the black market or having women in their rooms. The confessions were used as leverage to get them to testify against Lovelace.

Lucas later explained that he had been asked hypochondric questions and that the interrogators had written his answers down as lies. And he said he had invented the story about Lucas' tree and how just to get the investigators off his back. Lucas later passed a lie-detector test indicating that he neither lies in the EKG into the robbery nor conspired with Enay, and about a year examination of the guards' log, that the fact that Enay's alarm didn't know about were never tripped, indicates that the scenario Enay described was physically impossible.

Lonstone and Ivory met again in the brig at Quesada. "They kept us apart," Lonstone told me. "I didn't want to talk with him anyway, but one day he went to the shower and they left the door open and he came over to my cell. I was counting that as something, and I heard his voice behind me 'Hey, read one.'"

"We started going into how the NIS got us to sign those damned statements," Locantore recalled. "The next, I read that Vukina came to visit you for a week, worked in Vienna," and said, "I can't believe the stuff that's being written."

McKee remains "convinced of the voluntariness of Enay's confusion. Nobody was coerced. Why would a young man of average to above-average intelligence admit in such glowing terms to confusion unless he was involved?"

In any case, on May 15, 1975, all charges against Lomax based on Berry's confession were dropped. He was no longer in danger of being executed, but the damage had already been done. The story from page one around the world, guaranteed that from now on Lomax would be remembered as the man who paraded the KKK through our Marrow Embassy. And, most important, it was this story of major treason that accompanied him into the courtroom that July if he couldn't be shot, at least he could be drawn and quartered.

A LITTLE MATTER OF HITLER

AT THE TIME the teenage Sally Tsoie grew up in Chicago in 1970s, she (like the philosophy of the Bureau of Indian Affairs) was to get the younger generation of Indians of the reservations, to provide them with job training, and to integrate them into the mainstream. Sally, born to the Two Winters Flaming, together came sometime in the early 1970s, had been trained as a film editor at an Indian school in Utah and went there to work in Chicago to work as a director for Eugene Green's films on such as made educational documentaries.

Sally and a Navajo girlfriend shared a seat in a rooming house. Weekends they were dancing at the disreputable Indian Culture Center. There she met Spencer Levesque, Clayton's father. A year or so older, he was the avuncular dancer for singlets. The Levesques were Winnebago, from Wisconsin. Clayton told me that the first Levesque, his great-great-grandfather Alexander, was orphaned during the Civil War. A medicine man subsequently gave Alexander the last name Levesque for a knee he had seen on a ridge. "It's still there," Clayton said rue. "It's been sore."

Spencer took Sally up in the Wisconsin Delta, where they met his father, Sam, a voracious chief, and went to a religious peyote meeting, the Loamstead talking to the Native American Church. Sam is seventy-seven now and lives in Colorado. He sees through Clayton's court-martial in his headless and full shamanistic regalia. One must be wary up to Clayton and slowly passed an eagle feather over him, mesmerizing the occurrence.

"I would call it a place now dead," Sam said me over the phone. "But somehow or other I know it was going to turn out that way I told Lourens. You're a good soldier. Not every Irishman gets to be a sergeant. You got to make the best of it. Chances are, while somebody gets into real trouble, and you're one."

Spears and Sally never married, and their accounts of their brief, stormy relationship are usually at odds, including whether they had two or three children together. Both accuse the other of leaving the children alone and going off to party. Their bitter custody battles were exacerbated by the fact that in the traditional Winnebago culture the kids belong to the father, while in the maternalist Nisga'a culture they belong to the mother.

In 1975 Spencer married a white woman, Virginia Kallinger. The following summer he started playing guitar performing the Wisconsin hoop dance for tourists in a place called Stensley Hook. "I lived with two old ladies," Clapton told me. "There was no one my age to play with. I spent my days exploring, riding my bike to the river, climbing trees." Hindley writes that Lowman made money for the family, "but otherwise he was just loudly adding to the account." In fact, throughout his childhood he never did make a close friend. Perhaps in Wisconsin Dells he had begun

me. He's trying to be strong. His mother is suffering. The legal process is not working.

"I understand," she says. "But I need proof that you are Clayton's friend. Do you have a letter from Clayton? I know his handwriting."

I don't. The only thing I can think of is to have Sally Thorne call her. So I call Thorne. It's ten hours earlier—8:30 a.m. in Tulsa City. A few hours later Victoria calls. She says she talked to Thorne and she now suspects it is not me. "Does Clayton know you know you are sure to see me? Is there any message?" I say so, he doesn't know I'm here.

She says she'll come to Mike's flat tomorrow at 5 p.m. with a letter for Loretta.

The next morning I wander through Red Square, where Clayton and Victoria, clinging to each other, had tried to walk into the crowd. I ride the elegant, marble-paneled metro, with its bursts of revolutionary heroes, strong, brave, a beautiful young woman reading Tolstoy in Cyrillic. During his first time Loretta would ride the metro and study the faces, the posture of each. He bumped into Victoria twice on the metro. The second time they rode past her stop, got off at the end of the line, and took a long walk back, talking about American movies, books, food, likes, and dislikes.

I sleep in at the American embassy for a chat with a "senior Western diplomat" under the usual cloak of "background." The Marine guard at Door Four, where Loretta stood, says he hasn't seen Loretta, maybe he's going out. "They say he was a newspaper." The noninterference rule is still in effect, he says "but there are plenty of girls in the other embassies."

The corners of the KGB, now called the Ministry of Security, are still talking to the embassy on old cables across Radiovolny Street. The new, wiretapped cables are still on; but they're still unused. As a result of the Loretta incident no more than fifty Russian nationals work in the compound, none of them in sensitive areas.

I return to Mike's at 4:30. At 4:45 the doorman rings. She's early. Victoria slips out of her muddy boots and chooses a pair of house slippers and we go into the living room. She is a striking woman with midlife hair and large gray eyes, "a presence" as one diplomat described her. Her beauty is proud, moody, hysterical. She looks like Garbo. We talk mostly in English.

"How shall we begin?" she asks.

Let's start at 1945, I suggest.

"At the beginning of this year," she says, "I started as a representative at the ambassador's residence. I met Clayton in the main building. He was nice. Gradually we got to know each other. He found some ways to run into me."

"I'd never thought about American Indians in my entire life till I met Clayton," she continues. "Of course, I'd heard they were oppressed from official discussions of violations of human rights. I think being an Indian was important to him. He was proud of his heritage, but he also felt like a second-class citizen."

I ask her about the moment when Sally asked Loretta to bring him things from the embassy. It must have been terrible.

"The act of it," she says. "I could see that it was not easy for him. I felt remorseful, because I could see that he was uncomfortable. It was extremely difficult for him to answer Uncle Sasha's questions and to do what he was asking. I myself started having second thoughts about whether it was all worth his anguish."

I ask her why she told Loretta. She answers and shows that before us simple, warm, and not particularly convincing. The cause Uncle Sasha asked me to—"Could you have said no?" I think so. He knew I was seeing a young American and about our feelings. How did he know? "Because I told him I have someone special. He said he would like to meet him." Why did you tell him? "I don't want to talk about Uncle Sasha, please." He is still at Moscow? "Maybe." But if you could have said no, why

didn't you take Loretta to him? "I have my reasons." What were some pressure on you? "Yes, the situations look alike. Here in America people get situations where they are found to do things." So you had that dual relationship—secrets and love? The words.

But then she blurs out: "The only way I can help Clayton is I want him to know that it was not a play on my part, that when I told him I loved him that was true. I agreed to meet you because I want to get that answer—that I love him and am waiting for him. Everything is in my hands."

She hands it to me. It is written in a beautiful hand, the sort of penmanship that has been extinct in the U.S. for decades. Victoria has given me permission to quote it. It begins "My Sasha."

"What does that mean?" I ask.

"I don't want to tell you," she says. "This is mine."

How can you do that? As far as I'm free, things are OK. I'm writing you this letter just to let you know that I'm not married and have never been [she refused to discuss her new surname]. I live in the same place with my mother and sister (she's already 21). I do want you to know that I love you, have always loved you, still do, and I think it will stay with me forever. I'm waiting for you, darling, and I will be as long as I might be required. My greatest desire is just to be with you for the rest of my life. This can't finish you.

Your Victoria

The next afternoon I meet with her mother, Henrietta, and her sister, Sylvia, at the infamous, lemon-yellow, eighteenth-century Artists' Union, formerly the palace of a governor of Moscow named Tarkhanov, who was killed by the anarchists, the same building that killed a bomb man Czar Alexander. It's strange, in 1988 I assumed we would be meeting privately, but Henrietta has invited several of her girlfriends and prepared an elaborate spread with champagne and caviar.

I tell Henrietta that I still have doubts that Victoria's love is sincere. How could she have asked him to betray his country if she really loved him? Henrietta tells me how, one night, before Victoria took Loretta to see Uncle Sasha, she came home and said, "I'm something happens in my life and I am kind of, busy me about the house and dress Clayton goes out," and how she cried all night. Then Henrietta, who was at once in her daughter was private, spoke to the group.

"A mother's words are respected all over the world, and I am sending my message to a mother that the American government must solve Clayton's problem. Their loss was broken by with between the countries that I hope Clayton and Victoria will marry forever and do away with the KGB and CIA. There must be no walls between people, and if a Russian girl and an American boy love each other nothing should get in their way. And that is all I want to say as a mother."

"OH, BOY," SHE SAID

SO YOU WANT to get back together if it is possible? I had asked Victoria, "No," she had answered. "The how does he feel? Is this all my fantasy?"

Back to the States. I called Thorne and told her so. "Oh, boy," she said after a moment's silence.

A few weeks later Loretta called. Thorne had told her about Victoria. He wanted me to read him Victoria's letter, so I did. He was blown away.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"It's rather cheap," he said.

We talked for twenty minutes about other aspects of the story. I could tell he was only half there, trying to take it in. As we were saying off, he said, "Well... tell her I love her, too."

At once as we got off I called Victoria. It was it for a moment. The connection was bad, but she got the message. It

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On the Couch with Rebecca



Dr. De Mornay will see you now

She's been a TV mainstay since the early '80s, but De Mornay could also star in a TV show about her life as a woman in a man's world. Her character in *The Line Between* has already broken the proverbial glass ceiling, and she's a role model for women everywhere. She's so much more than a fictional Hollywood star. Maybe something is off, but she's not, and up to the moment, she's doing great things with her life. De Mornay: There's the girl thinking, "I'm currently seeing someone in the 'countryside,'" she confides, which means, for you, realizing on the worn heels of your mall bought cowboy boots—that there's hope yet. The very good. "Me and my 40 Mustang used to be inseparable," she brags—she's the kind of woman who'll admit to liking fried eggs and big V8 engines, too. And she'll counsel you through a psychic session, she says, if she thinks you need it. But then there's the bad. "I get infatuated with men who don't do what you want them to and then are surprised when they don't get what they want," she murmurs in the kind of voice you'd expect to hear on a self-help motivational tape. You suffer vivid nightmares of the Forest Police storming into her office, forcing you to listen to Rebecca reading aloud from the dog-eared copy of Henry's *Novels* and Goldblatt she first finished at sixteen. But she haunts you like a 200 A.M. house, something you suspect might have to do with the fact that she's dating Leonard Cohen. You want her to stop the tea and oranges that come all-the-way-from-China nonsense and come away with you. But no. "I wait you well," Rebecca whispers, and you have to believe her. Your fifty-five minutes are up.

—MICHAEL ANGELI



WORKING COWGIRL PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAY DUSARD

FICTION

PILGRIMS

WHEN AN EAST COAST GIRL GONE COWBOY
MEETS THE REAL THING, IT'S JUST TOO BAD IF HE CAN'T KEEP UP

THE DEBUT OF AN AMERICAN WRITER
BY ELIZABETH GILBERT

WHEN AN OLD MAN hired her, I said, "A girl?" A girl, when it wasn't that long ago, women couldn't work on this ranch even as cooks because wranglers got them over their too much. They got shot even over the ugly cooks. Even over the old ones.

I said, "A girl?"

"She's from Pennsylvania," my old man said. "She'll be good at this."

"She's from what?"

"When my brother Crosby found out, he said, 'Time for me to find new work when a girl starts doing mine.'"

My old man looked at him. "You haven't come over Dave. Over this once this season you haven't been sleep on your horse. Maybe it's time you found new work, anyhow."

He told us that she showed up somehow from Pennsylvania in the scariest piece of that car he'd ever seen. She worked five minutes to ask for a job. She found her way for him to feel, but he didn't feel it. He hired her, he said, right away. He trusted his eyes for that, he said, after all these years. "You'll like her, too," he said. "She's any like a horse is any Nice and big Strong."

"Eighty-five of your own horses to find and you still think horse is any," I said, and my brother Crosby said, "I think we got enough of this kind of any around here already."

She was Martha Knox, nineteen years old and tall as me, thick-lipped but not fat, with cowboy boots that anyone could see were new that week, the cheapest in the store and the first pair she'd ever owned. She had a big chin that worked only because her forehead and nose worked, too, and she had the kind of teeth that take over a face even when the mouth is closed. She had, most of all, a dark-brown beard that hung down the center of her back, thick as a girl's arm.

I danced with Martha Knox one night only in the season. It was a day off to go down the mountains, get drunk, make phone calls, do laundry, fight. Martha Knox was no dancer. She didn't want to dance with me. She let me know this by saying a few times that she wasn't going to dance

with me, and then, when she finally agreed, she wouldn't let go of her cigarette. She held it in one hand and let that hand fall and not be available. So I kept my beer bottle in one hand, to balance her out, and we held each other with one arm each. She was no dancer and she didn't want to dance with me, but we found a good slow sway anyway, each of us with an arm hanging down, like a rodeo cowboy's right arm, like the right arm of a bull rider. She wouldn't look anywhere but over my left shoulder, like that part of her that was a good dancer with me was some part she had not over me and didn't feel like being introduced to.

My old man also said that about Martha Knox. "She's not beautiful, but I don't know who still is."

Well, it's true that I wanted to hold her hand. I always had wanted to from first seeing it and mostly I wanted to in that dance, but I didn't reach for it and I didn't set down my beer bottle. Martha Knox wasn't asking anything.

We didn't dance again that night or again at all because it was a long season and my old man worked all of it too hard. When we would sometimes get an afternoon off in the middle of a hard week, we would all go to the bunkhouse and sleep, fast, dead-and-sleep, in our own bunks, in our own boots, like farmers or soldiers.

MARTHA KNOX ASKED ME about rodeo. "Crosby says it's a good way to get made dead," she said. We were facing each other across the short pine fire, just as now, drinking. In the first behind Martha Knox were five hunters from Chicago, asleep or dead, and it was me for not being able to make them good-enough shots to kill any of the elk we'd seen that week. In the next behind me were the cowboys and the food and two farm pigs with a sleeping bag for each of us. She slept under horse blankets to be warmer, and we both slept on our guns to keep them from freezing. It was the middle of October, the last bare of the season, and we hung in long needles off the mammals of the horses every morning when we awoke.

"Are you drunk?" I asked her.
"I'll tell you something," she said. "That's a pretty damn good question." She was looking at her hands. "You rode rodeo, right?" she asked.

"One time too many," I said.

"Bull?"

"No, that's why you got called Buck?"

"I got called Buck because I stabbed myself in the leg with my buck knife when I was a kid."

"Ever got nailed in rodeo?"

"I got on this bronc one night and knew right away that it wasn't having me. It wanted me gone and dead for trying. Never was so scared on a horse as on that son of a bitch."

"You think it killed?"

"Knew! How could it leave?"

"Crosby says the first job of a horse is to figure out who's riding it and who's in charge."

"That's my old man's line. He says it to scare dudes. If horses were that smart, they'd be riding us."

"That's Crosby's line."

"No." I took a drink. "That's my old man's line, too."

"So you got drunk?"

"But my wrist got caught in the rigging and I got draped around the ring three times under the son of a bitch's belly. Crosby loved it. Horse loved it. But me in the hospital about a year."

"I want to ride horses," she said. "I want to ride rodeo."

"That's what I want to do," I said. "I want to talk you into it with that story."

"Who your dad mad?"

"I didn't answer that. I stood up and walked over to a tree and untucked my fly. I said, 'Should you say, Martha Knox, I'm about to untuck the biggest thing in the Wyoming Rockies.' She didn't say anything while I passed, but when I got back to the fire she said, 'That's Crosby's line.'"

"I found a case of rubens in my pocket. No, it's not," I said. "That's my old man's line, too."

"I tapped the case against my leg to pack the cheese. 'My old man bought that horse,' I said. 'The found the owner and gave him twice what the horse was worth. Then he took it out back of the cookhouse, shot it in the head, and buried it in the compost pile.'"

"You're kidding me," Martha Knox said.

"Hell, no. No way."

"It came in to see every day in the hospital. We didn't talk much because he was so goddamned bent. Mostly he woulded. He'd kick the expensive horse over my head and they'd lead in the stable and haul out. I was in a neck brace and I couldn't even turn my head and see him. So damn bored. The only thing I loved for was seeing those hats go flying over his head to the stables."

"That's my line," Martha Knox said.

"My brother Crosby showed up, screaming, too, with pieces of girls."

"Bare?"

"Well, that was okay to look at, too."

"Sure. Everyone had a hat for you to look at."

"She drank. There was snow around us. They'd been out on the day we rode in and snow about every night in

the afternoon big patches of it would catch off in the road and leave small white pills like laundry. The guys was almost gone, and the horses had started leaving at night, looking for better food. We hung cowbells around their necks, and these strings lit and laid while they grazed. It was a good noise. I was used to it, and I only noticed it when it was gone, because that quiet of no bells meant no horses. It would wake me up in the middle of the night, and we'd have to go out after them. Martha Knox didn't complain about having to get dressed in the cold and go lines for bells in the dark. She liked it. She was grating it."

"You know something about your brother Crosby?"

"Martha Knox knew. He really thinks he knows his way around a girl. Now how can he be, back when there aren't any girls around?"

"Crosby knows girls," I said. "He lived in town."

"What town? Casper? Cheyenne?"

"Denver. Crosby lived in Denver."

"Okay, Denver."

"Well, there's a girl or two in Denver. So he could have learned his way around girls in Denver."

"I see that, Buck."

"Girls love Crosby."

"He?"

"They do. He and Crosby are going down to Florida one of these winters and weeks every time we see them. That's a lot of rich women down there. A lot of rich, beautiful women."

"They'd like to be hired as goldmine men."

"You don't like my brother Crosby?"

"I love your brother Crosby. I think Crosby's the greatest."

"Good for you."

"But he thinks he knows his way around a girl, and that's a pain in the ass. I showed him a picture of Agnes once. He said she looked like she'd been on the wrong side of a lot of bad dick."

"Agnes?"

"My sister. She's a stripper in Missouri. Hates it because it's a college town. Says college boys don't tip, no matter what you stick in their faces."

"Did you ever fool around with my brother Crosby?"

"Hey, Buck, don't be shy. Ask whenever's on your mind."

"Oh, shit. Never mind."

"You know what they called me at home? Not Knox. You know why? Because I wouldn't let anyone in my pants."

"Why not?"

"Why not?" Martha Knox moved the coffeebag away from the fire. "Because I didn't think it was a very good idea."

"She paled some more wood on the fire and I smiled. 'What are you doing?'"

"The fire was almost dead."

"So let it be. It's late. She didn't answer me. I have to get up at three-thirty tomorrow morning."

"So goodnight."

"And so do you have to get up."

"Buck," she said, "Don't be a baby." She took a long drink and the mug. "Mama, don't let your cowboys grow up to be babies."

"That's Crosby's line," I said.

"Let me ask you something, Buck. When we're done up here, let me go hunting with you and Crosby."

"I don't think my old man would be very about that."

"I didn't ask to go hunting with your old man."

"You ever even on a gun?"

"Sure. When I was a kid my parents sent me out to Montana to stay with my dad's uncle for the summer. I got my folks after a few weeks and said, 'Uncle! Get up off your coffee can a log and be me about it at night.' But the goddamn thing, too much. They made me come home early. Didn't like the sound of that."

"Don't think your old man's going to be too crazy about it either, then."

"We do not have to worry about my father," she said.

"Not anyone." She took her hat off and set it on her leg. It was an old hat. It belonged once to my cousin. My old man gave it to her. He steamed a new shape into it over a cologne one morning, put a new crease in the top. The hat fit her. It suited her."

"New, better, Buck," she said. "My dad grew Christmas trees. Not a lot of them. He grew exactly fifty Christmas trees and he gave them for ten years. In our front yard. Thinned them all the time with kitchen scissors, so they were pretty, but only about three feet tall. Problem is we lived in the country. Everybody had woods in their backyards. Nobody ever bought a Christmas tree in that place. So this wasn't a good business idea, fifty perfect trees. No big money there. But that's what he did, and my mom worked."

"Martha Knox knew a cigarette from her own pocket and let it. 'He opened up the big gun last December and nobody showed up. He thought this was pretty damn weird because they were such nice trees. He went out drinking. Me and my aunt, we sat down maybe twenty of the fakes. Threw them in the station wagon. Drove to the highway, started flogging down cuts and giving them away. It was like... Well, hell. It was like Christmas. Now we drive home. There's my dad. He grabs Agnes down and loads off and punches me in the face.'"

"He ever hit you before? Looked, and she shook her head. 'And he never will again, either.'"

"She looked at me, nod and even I looked at her smiling. Her expensive two thousand miles from home and I thought about her shooting the goddamn coffee can on me and we were gone for a long time before I said, 'You didn't tell him, did you?'"

"She didn't look away and she didn't answer fast, but she said, 'Yeah. I killed him.'"

"Jesus Christ," I said. "Jesus sure's a bad thing."

"Martha Knox handed the bottle to me, but I didn't take it. She came over beside me and put her hand on my leg."

"Jesus Christ," I said again. "Jesus sure's a-bitching Christ."

"She sighed. 'Buck,' she said. 'Honey.' She patted my leg and then she nudged me. 'You are the mean glibbist man I know on this planet.'"

"Fuck you."

"I shot my old dad and buried him in the compost pile. Don't tell anyone, okay?"

"Fuck you, Martha Knox."

"She got up and sat down on the other side of the fire again. We did not talk for a long time, but we finished off the bottle, and when the fire got low, Martha Knox put wood on it. I had my foot so close to the flames that the soles of my boots started to smoke, so I moved back then, but not much. In October up there it ain't easy to be warm,

and I would not pull away from that kind of heat too fast."

"There were bells from the meadow of horses moving but no leaving, grazing bells ringing, good bells. I could have passed every horse out there, told how each one rode and how its mother and father rode, too. There were silk out there, silk, but they were moving lower, like the horses wanted to move, for better food. This night was clear, no clouds, and it was bright from an almost finished moon."

"Lanes," I said. "I was thinking of going for a ride."

"Now?" Martha Knox asked, but before she'd even asked, she was already looking at me and weighing things, mostly the big rule of my old man, which was this: no gambling during work, not even. No playing riding, no night riding, no dirt riding, no dirt riding, no dirt riding, not even, not, most of all, during hunting camp. She'd thought of all that, and she'd thought also that we were tired and drunk, and that there were horses asleep in the snow behind her. "Okay," she said.

"Lanes," I said, and I leaned in closer to the fire. "I was thinking of going up Whitehorse Pass tonight."

"I watched her. She knew what it was, because Whitehorse was the only way for miles in any direction to get over the Continental Divide and into the middle of the Rockies. My brother Crosby called it the Spine. It was narrow and steep, and a pushed twelve thousand feet, but it was over and, and Martha Knox had not even gone that far."

"Okay," she said. "Let's go."

"Well, lanes. I was thinking of not stopping there."

"She didn't stop looking at me, and she didn't change her expression, which was the expression of a good hunter watching for a good shot coming. Then I told her. 'We take a pack horse each and wherever food and gear live on them. I ride Strawn, you ride Jule, and we don't come back.'"

"I'll ride Horley."

"Not that spotted-on neckholer?"

"I'll ride Horley," she said, and I had forgotten that she had killed my old man in his riding, but that okay horse."

"Okay. But he's all wrong for that."

"What about the horses?"

"They'll be fine if they don't drink one."

"They'll drink one."

"They'll be fine."

"Talk about a bunch of pilgrims, Buck," she said. "These guys have never even been in a holiday."

"If they're smart, they'll hike out tomorrow as soon as they figure we're gone. The trail's washed like a goddamn freeway. You'll get in the mud tomorrow night, too. If we can't make it, we could be there nine miles south."

"I'll see you, dead as a doornail," Martha Knox said.

"I figure four or five days until we get to the Utah range, and if they don't catch up before then, they'll never catch it."

"Okay. I'll do that."

"Then we had south, because of winter. There's no season in the world we can't be in Mexico in a few months."

"Let's do it."

"I've got it all figured out. Jesus sure's a-bitching Christ. We'll start south and tell them at three p.m. mountain time where hell they're all going to."

"Buck," she said.

"And we'll ride into all those gay foothill towns in Utah and Wyoming and we'll hold up their banks. On horseback."

"Buck," she said again.

"It must be a hundred years since anyone held up a bottle on Appaloosa horseback. They'll be cheering us in cities, and there we go, riding back up the mountains with all that cash."

"Back," she said, and I still didn't answer, but this time I stopped asking. "Back, you're just full of shit, aren't you?"

"I figure we can last four or five months before we finally get passed down."

"You're just full of shit. You're not going anywhere."

"You think I wouldn't do something like that?"

"I don't even want to talk about it."

"You think I wouldn't do that?"

"You want to take off with some horses and see if we get made dead out there? Fine. I'll all for that. But don't waste my time with this outlandish bullshit."

"Come on," I said. "Come on, Martha Knox."

"You're just bored. Lenned."

"You're worried just like old like that, anyway."

She looked at me like she was going to say something mean and bad, but instead she got up and poured the coffee over what was left of the fire, to put it out. She sat down again, but I couldn't see her well as the new dusk, over the wet ash.

"Don't waste any time like that again," she said.

"Come on. You can't just take off like that."

"The hell I can't."

"You would've just stolen my old man's horses?"

"Hardly in my goddamn horse." She stood up and went into the tent behind me. I waited, and she came out with a lantern. She also had a bottle, taken from the book by the mosquitoes when we hung all the bottles so the bat would not be in the horses' mouths in the mornings. She walked past me toward the tent where she walked like she always, and like always, she walked like a boy I went after her.

"You're not riding off by yourself," I said.

"Yes, I am. I'm going to Mexico. In the middle of the night. Just me and the horse."

She kept walking and I caught her arm. The ground was rough, wet in some parts and in other parts covered with thin snow. We drifted ourselves up on rocks and fell into each other but didn't fall over, and the lantern helped some. We followed bells until we were with the horses. Some of them moved away, moved sideways or back from us. But Simon came over to me. I put my hand out and he sniffed at it and at me and then on. Then he moved off and went to graze again, and the bell around his neck rang so that move had been important, but the bells rang always and it was nothing. Martha Knox was in the horses, and she was always, say to horses, saying, "Yes, there, steady now, easy buddy," like the words got understood, when really it's only the voice that matters, and the words could be any words.

She found Hardy and he let her bribe him. The spots over his back and rump in the almost dusk were ugly, like accidental spots, like mistakes. I said, "You know, my old man got this horse from its owner for a hundred dollars, the guy hated it so bad. They should've named him Hallelujah."

"Should've named him Hallelujah," she said. "Look at those pretty legs."

"You know why Indian rodeo Appaloosas are bled?"

"Yes, I do."

"You'd be good and passed off when they get you there."

Martha Knox said, "You want to take a guess how many times I've heard that joke this summer?"

"I was in Appaloosa. I hate them all."

She stood next to Hardy and his pale brown hair. She took the reins and a bunch of reins and pulled herself up on him, fast. He danced back a few steps, but she moved him, the touched his neck, she stopped him.

"You coming or not?" she asked.

"You couldn't pay me enough to ride that spotted-ass coltsucker. He won't take two hundred, anyway."

"Hell take two. Get up here."

"Steady boy," I said and got myself up on him, behind Martha Knox. He danced sideways before I was settled, but then she let him dance and then she let him and she was in a loose net already while I was reaching around her waist with both arms, reaching for handfuls of reins. She let him trot and then he slowed and walked. She let him walk where he wanted to, and he circled the lantern twice and lay the snuff at a mare, who moved fast from him. He walked to a tree and stood under it, still. "Hell of a ride," I said.

Then she let him, not a single time, and he took off. In two more kicks he was running wide open. We were too drunk for it, and it was too dark for it, but we were running wide open. His bell and hooves were loud, and they were a surprise to the other horses, who scattered behind us. Martha Knox had seen him, she was over them, and my horse was gone, blown off, and so was he. I could see them just where her hand started on her head, and I could feel it thick on her back between us. With my arm still around her, we went over them, so who could say who fell first, or whose fault? That snow was the best place for horses on long trips, but by this time it was spent. The next spring it would be different, as grass was from rain, but that night it was packed dirt and horses, and we hit it hard. We took the same fall, both of us. We took the fall in our hips and our shoulders. I knew I wasn't hurt and guessed she wasn't, but before I could ask, she was laughing.

I pulled my arm out from under her and rolled off my hip onto my back, and she rolled onto her back, too. I turned my head to see Martha Knox's face by my face. Her hair was gone, and she was rubbing her arm, but she wasn't looking anywhere but right up at the sky at the kind of day we didn't see too much, because of trees or had weather, or because we slept or stared at first instead.

Hardy came back, first he bell, then his huge face over our faces, but then he snuffed at us like we were plants, and maybe something he would want. Martha Knox said, "You're a good horse, Hardy," and with the voice we use for horses, but with her normal voice, and she meant it. I didn't think she wanted me to know her, although it was true that I wanted to know her when she looked good. On that frozen dead ground, she looked as good and important as new grass or horses.

"You're a good horse," she told Hardy again, and she sounded very sure of that. He snuffed her again, carefully.

I looked up, too, at the sky, and the stars were no stars. Hardy's legs before, but they seemed closer and unfamiliar. I watched long enough to see one of them drop above us, long and slow. That's something to see in a good sky on these. This one was, though, like a dove then, and a separate self burning, being over our heads. If Martha Knox saw this, it was only as she was reaching up slowly with one hand for her horse's reins, and it wasn't something she missed. ■

NOVEMBER



WARREN CHRISTOPHER
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"Fashion has the ability to change our view of the world and how the world views us."

— Jon Weiser,
president, *Charivari*

FASHION

GUESS WHAT? Your favorite line of casual wear, GUESS, is introducing an *on-view* collection of outdoor chic. The "back" is concept, the theme is classic. The collection will be available nationwide in great stores like MACYS', MARSHALLS, REARDS, A N S, and RECHY'S in Atlanta. And the price is just right, too.

PERSONAL SHOPPER

GROUND BREAKER: Coming this fall, BEDFORDDALES NEW YORK will be the first retailer in the country to have as many as CANALI designers. The collection from Italy's famous Casha family will range from fine shirts and sweaters to sportswear, suits, trousers and separates.

THE PAKAMA GAME: When people hear the name FERNANDO SANCHEZ, they think of elegantly designed women's wear. But don't forget the Menswear-inspired shirts and blousing jackets for men. You'll find the smoking jackets, silk pajamas and some of the most beautiful loungewear in stores like J. HUGOBOS, SAKS FIFTH AVENUE and NEIMAN MARCUS. *Photos: David*

HIT THE BRACES: PETER BARTON has put a fresh spin on denim. Picture this: unbuttoned denim dusters, denim work shirts, denim trousers, denim jackets, denim jeans. It's a whole new denim look. Like at H&M in the Macy's Store at La Vegas and FRID SIGAL in Los Angeles.

LIFESTYLE

HAPPY HOUR: When CAMERON did she had designed a collection of special occasion wear and one-of-a-kind CAMPER shoes. I just knew they would be great conversation pieces. But of course I have to have a little fun. Here's the one (you can imagine). CREATE AN ORIGINAL CAMERON MIXED DRINK RECIPE. AND DON'T FORGET TO GIVE IT A NAME. Send your recipe to me in a postcard. The first person whose recipe is chosen will receive a special gift. The first runner-up will receive a special gift.

HIDDEN MEANINGS: One of the stars in the FEYN OF SWEDEN holiday collection has a lot to say. The words "my AIGS" are woven into the fabric. When you buy this beautiful white dress then, a person of the role will be donated to benefit the world's fight against AIDS.

BERGDOFF GOODMAN on the East Coast.

STD JOURNAL: The *Modern* and *THE TAILORED MAN* on the West Coast are a lot of the stores where you can find them.

WATCH OUT: Here's your chance to win a elegant LASSALE watch. These beautifully handcrafted timepieces from SWISS are available in department stores and fine jewelers around the country. WHICH STYLE WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO RECEIVE AS A GIFT? Put your favorite style of LASSALE watch in a mail order card of up to \$150 and send me a holiday greeting card with the model # on a (the winner to be July). If your card is selected, EXQUIRE will send you the watch you chose. What's that, you say? Can't find a LASSALE jeweler in your area? Call 1-800-343-8415 for a listing in your area.

GROOMING

HEADS UP: You're not just walking on the runway of HARPER'S BAZAAR and countless other fashion magazines. Now GARDEN, one of the most famous hairdressers in the world, has opened a salon at HENRI BENDEL in New York.

YEROM PRANDI: whose work has been featured in many CALVIN KLEIN and RAYANA REPUBLIC ads, will be responsible for men's grooming in the salon. All I can say is that these are two of the hottest "hair people" around, and their glamorous salon (located in a private dressing room in a Penthouse townhouse) is a must-see when you're in New York.

CLOSE SHAVE: CLAUDE and SCHWEDER OF PORTUGAL—the purveyors of fine men's shaving products since 1887—will now be selling in line in the United States. MUSGO REAL makes of clean shaves and shampoos, gels, mops, cologne and even professional barber's shaving soap. Specialty stores like C.P. COMPANY in New York and BLOOMINGDALES in Chicago will be carrying the line. For more information and more in your area, just give us a call.

Mail all contest entries to: Warren Christopher, EXQUIRE Magazine, 259 West 13th Street, New York, NY 10011. Fall issue.

Dusty Courtney and Lincoln Simonds

At 16, DUSTY COURTNEY is already following in the humble footsteps of his thirty-three-year-old brother, LINCOLN SIMONDS, who has appeared in many feature films, including *COMING TO AMERICA* and *HOT SHOTS PART DEUX*. DUSTY, who only recently shedded FIVE EIGHTS TO MOTORCYCLES™ HIGH PUNKS and now her specialty™ has performed in *POINT BREAK* and *THE ADVENTURES OF BLACK PANTHER*.



The page: Lincoln is seen in a stunt rig, performing a stunt, and Dusty is seen in a stunt rig, performing a stunt. Opposite page: Dusty is in a stunt rig, performing a stunt, and Lincoln is seen in a stunt rig, performing a stunt.





Ernie and Noon Ostrati

ERNE AND NOON OSTRATI ARE A BROTHER-AND-BON STUNT TEAM. ERNE, A VETERAN STUNT MAN AND STUNT COORDINATOR, WAS THE GUY WHO TELL OFFICE DOWN THROUGH THE SHATTERED GLASS SKYDIVE IN THE FORD RUSH ADVENTURE. NOON WAS STUNT COORDINATOR FOR BEYONCÉ'S JAZZ AND KING OF THE HILL AND WAS STUNT DOUBLE FOR FREDDIE IN FREDDIE'S DEAD.



This page: Noon wears a plaid coat, denim overalls, and long-sleeve T-shirt. He wears a plaid shirt, chambray, band-collar shirt, bandy shirt, and bandy trousers. Opposite page: Noon wears a leather jacket, vest, and corset. He wears a bandy shirt, bandy shirt, and bandy shirt. Ernie wears a plaid coat, bandy shirt, and bandy shirt, and pants.



*The page below: Authentic
bikers' Louche left, in a denim
biker jacket, and confederate
union shirt, and jeans, and Darry
in a card sweater, striped shirt,
and jeans. Captive page: Louche
in a card sweater, a card vest, rugged
union shirt, and jeans.*



"I've always done outdoor, rugged clothing. Double RL represents an attitude that's part of our culture, an antifashion kind of fashion. It's not about grunge. It's not about hippie. It's about the things I always wanted, the things I've found in thrift shops but I eventually always wore out. It's like that old jeep that you love." —RALPH LAUREN



*Photo shoot at Rancho Reyes,
Santa California, with
the assistance of California State
University, San Diego.
For more information see page 100.*

Van Damme Goes Soft

A brief study in cashmere

CASHMERE MAKES the whole world seem a softer place, even for the star of *Hard Target*, Jean-Claude Van Damme, who typically is called upon to crush the forces of evil with his bare hands (and feet). This season the luxury fabric also makes a lot of sense, since the precious fleece of Kashmir goats in the mountains of Inner Mongolia has gone down in price about 20 percent. Cashmere coats and suit jackets, longtime staples among well-dressed men, are once again practically a bargain. And they look pretty Damme good, too.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK HANAUER



The page: *McGraw-Hill* *Country* *bookends* the all-cashmere jacket, worn unbuttoned with glass-plaid vest and pants. Above: *Aphrodite* *cashmere* *coats*, worn like a *hush* *against* *the* *dark*. Opposite page: *Cashmere* *coats* *and* *suit* *jackets* *are* *a* *cashmere* *world*. All clothing by *Vestron*.

For more information, see *page* 144.

How to Live Forever

BY MICHAEL SEGELL

Eternal
Life Is in the
Details

HELLO THERE. The Life-Extension Program continues. You've already adopted Strategies for Immortality I, II, and III ("How to Live Forever, Part I," September), right? Instead of slurping animal fats and extracts of grape in the middle of the day, you now hoist some weights and trot a little at the Executive Reconditioning Center. Banishing hostility as your social modus operandi has done wonders for your party calendar, the devotion of your progeny, your generous creativity between the sheets, hasn't it? Add a decade to your life expectancy for every whole-integer increase in the average number of times you now get laid each week.

But there's more to learn, so sharpen your pencil. There's some nasty stuff you should know about detecting cancer and preventing it in the first place. Don't do that deaf thing. Typical manly denial is the first obstacle between you and your chances of reaching your first millennium. You laugh? Skip to Strategy VI, where you can figure your chances. And then learn everything you can about your prostate!



Strategies for Immortality IV: Dodge All Cancers

The year, 50,000 men will be diagnosed with cancer; 27,000 men will die.

The Avoidable Cancer

THE RISK OF getting lung cancer in men that peaked in the 1950s and 1960s has leveled off, largely because of a decline in the number of smokers. (An epidemic among women is still growing.) Still, one hundred thousand cases will be diagnosed this year, and there have been virtually no advances in treatment. Almost everyone who develops the disease, and the leading cancer killer of men, will die of it.

As many as 90 percent of all lung cancers are due to smoking, and experts say that smoking is probably a cofactor even in those in which chemical, asbestos, or radon exposure is implicated.

Almost half of all patients whose lung cancer is detected early live at least another five years. Unfortunately, only 16 percent of lung cancers are detected that early.

The Unavoidable Cancer

WHY MEN DON'T get prostate cancer? Because. People with a rare hereditary deficiency that results in a tiny prostate. Men with deficient levels of testosterone, the hormone that "bricks" cancerous cells on the gland. Men with carcinoma of the liver also have low rates (their impaired livers can't break down estrogen, which opposes the action of testosterone).

Who does get prostate cancer? Most white men, if they live long enough, will die with cancerous cells

in their prostate gland. Many of these men will have been developing for decades, but because they don't escape the gland, they're innocuous. What to do when those cancers are discovered in younger men—either by a digital rectal exam (DRE), ultrasound, or the prostate-specific antigen test, which

diagnoses and those who received no treatment at all.

The conundrum is not to be taken lightly. Even though cancer escapes the gland and travel to the bones, lymph nodes, liver, and brain to make the disease the most prevalent cancer in men, and the second deadliest.

During the past few years, medical science has been trying to make up for the dearth of research into this grim disease. Studies have examined the possible roles of sexual activity, venereal disease, race, environment. All the scenarios have learned is that a high-fat diet may be to blame—animal-fat diets contain more saturated, substances that are converted to hormones, which are implicated in the progress of the disease. The studies show that black Americans have a higher incidence of prostate cancer; however, black men living in Alaska have a lower incidence, which suggests that the higher American rate is not entirely hereditary. Cadmium, iron, too, have more prostate cancer than the general male population. And for reasons that no one can follow, men

experience an escapee released into the bloodstream by cells growing in the gland—is currently the subject of much debate. Recent studies show no difference in the survival rates of men with prostate cancer who underwent surgery (which can cause incontinence and impotence) or were treated by or

hormones.

ANTHROPOMETRICAL NEWS DEPARTMENT

SHOULD you be worried about the chances of having a heart attack? Don't blame the anthropometrists. They merely point up the statistical connections between body type and disease.

CHARACTERISTICS: Long, dark torso, short legs.

Explanation: Prostate cancer. Prostate cancer cells in the prostate are considered to grow by the male hormone testosterone, which can rise in response to high levels of fat in the body.

CHARACTERISTICS: Slim, legs (long, melonlike ribs of flesh).

Explanation: Colon cancer.

Explanation: Whoever it is that stimulates the growth of colon polyps, which are the precursors of colon cancer, may also stimulate those growths on the skin.

Recommendation: A person with more than three to five of these tags should consider undergoing a thorough screening at age forty.

disease, have been getting HGH—wink winkle muscle builder. The hormone therapy has reversed many of the effects of the disease, which prevents people from putting on muscle or losing fat and causes them to feel lethargic, unfocused, generally lousy—a lot

like a substantial portion of the elderly population. But what isolated geriatrics. Let's try it on old people, about half of whom have levels that, if found in younger people, would be considered deficient.

The preliminary results are "very promising," according to S. Mitchell Kieleson, chief of endocrinology at the National Institute on Aging, who has been monitoring the research at institutions around the country. In several studies in which men had their hormone levels raised to those of normal young people, their muscle mass increased by 6 percent, fatty tissue decreased by 15 percent, and skin thickened by 7 percent—changes that diminished the effects of two decades of living. Side effects included a painful swelling of the soft tissues in the wrist (joint fluid syndrome), high blood pressure, slight fluid retention, and an elevation of blood-sugar levels. Researchers think those effects can be controlled by adjusting the dosage, since they occurred only when hormone levels rose above the median in young people.

SWM SEEKS SWF AS AID TO LONGEVITY

METALLIC RESISTION for the lonely and bereft widows married men. (Example. A divorced man is more than six times as likely as a married man to die from cirrhosis of the liver.)

Cause of death	Single	Married	Divorced
All causes	1.43	1.54	2.31
Cancer/Alcohol	1.72	1.78	1.25
Respiratory	1.18	1.18	2.13
Stroke	0.95	1.11	1.57
Liver failure	1.13	1.06	1.10
Diabetes	1.45	1.18	1.51
Heart	1.57	1.59	1.81
Hemorrhage/Stroke	1.31	1.46	1.77
Cirrhosis of liver	2.57	2.41	5.12
Menstrual disorders	1.51	1.17	4.10
All other accidents	1.51	1.17	4.10

Since growth hormone is an approved prescription drug, any physician can prescribe it for any patient. Until further testing is done, though (just in case you subject your doctor to an ethical quandary), the drug should be reserved for the frail elderly, who can enroll in one of the more studies that are now just starting. Be advised that the hormone annual treatment is a lifelong proposition. Little Chubby, who eventually regresses to a state of obesity and mental retardation, men who stop taking the drug revert to their lankier selves rather quickly.

Strategies for Immortality VI: Watch Out for Falling Flowerpots

SUMMER! Even if all gerontologists were discredited, if cancer and heart disease are conquered, if genes can be tricked into regenerating organs (as even if all causes of senescence are diminished)—modern lifespans will increase only to twelve hundred years. In the current world population of five billion, the last survivor would live to be at least twenty-five thousand years old. People would give up having children, fearful that they'd move back to

after college for three or four hundred years. How would the last survivor die? Perhaps by a bus veering out of control after the third-wheel survivor dies, mowed by the second-to-last survivor, who wandered his way home from his job. (In New York City, the leading cause of on-the-job deaths is homicide.) by a flowerpot blown off a window ledge in a hurricane. That's life, gentlemen.

Heavy

FOR EACH pound you lose above your ideal weight, you'll lose thirty-four days of life. Or, for each percent you're over your average weight, you



can expect to lose fifty-two days if you're 25 or more percent overweight, expect to lose seventy-three days for each percent.

Horror of the Unemployed

UNEMPLOYMENT is cruel. Occupational accidents reduce the life expectancy of industrial workers by sixty days, but if the cumulative effects of unemployment were experienced only by those who lose their jobs, that could expect to live five hundred fewer days. Every 1 percent increase in unemployment is accompanied by 25,000 extra deaths, including 10,000 cardiovascular failures, 500 alcohol-related deaths of the liver, 400 suicides, 600 homicides. (The increase in unemployment also accounts for another 4,000 admissions to mental hospitals and 5,000 admissions to prisons.) Pinned into this equation are the effects on family and friends, and on working folks who experience stress from fear of being laid off.

When Bachelors Leave Heavy

GETTING DIVORCED is hard on a guy. His mortality rate jumps in almost every category (see chart, left) after splitting from his spouse. If he's particularly isolated, he can expect to live about nine years less (five and one-half years less than average) than someone who's socially well connected (who lives five and one-half years less average). White men who remain single throughout their lives lose more than six years (they're at increased risk following the deaths of their mothers), nonwhite men lose almost nine years (as opposed to three-plus years for white women and six years for nonwhite women).

WELCOME TO THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF RISK, WHERE . . .

• **Besetting and anakinetic** reduce the average person's life expectancy by almost half a day.

• The risks associated with **nuclear-power plants** are equal to that of a regular smoker, smoking his habit by one cigarette every ten years, or an overweight person gaining another 0.01 cent.

• Sixty percent of all the deaths due to fire occur in the 10 percent of American homes without **smoke detectors**. (Having a smoke detector in your home increases your life expectancy by ten days.)

• **Increasing the speed limit** on rural interstate highways from 55 miles per hour to 65 miles per hour reduces the average American's life expectancy by two days.

• Using a **seat belt** regularly adds sixty more days to your life expectancy.

• Driving in a **small car** throughout your life reduces life expectancy seventy days, using a **sedan** increases your life expectancy seventy days.

• A person flying **round-trip coast-to-coast** each

week on scheduled airlines for forty years reduces his life expectancy by **twenty-four days**, if he uses **small planes**, he loses seven years.

• The loss of life expectancy due to accidents is the highest in Alaska (two days) and the lowest in New York (one day).

• Loss of life expectancy for a healthy male **smoker** at age thirty-five is 7.1 years.

• By the year 2000, the ten thousand deaths caused by **ozone depletion** (increased ultraviolet radiation) will reduce average life expectancy by twenty-two days.

• A **swimsuit** K ray reduces a person's life expectancy by 6.4 days.

• Deaths due to **aircraft abuse** reduce everyone's average life expectancy by one year; the victim's life expectancy is reduced 15 years.

• Because of naturally occurring carcinogens, eating two pounds of **broiled meat** each week logs three hours of your life expectancy, consuming a **hamburger** per meal further each day knocks off a day, drinking a pint of **milk** per day runs costs of a day, and regularly drinking **chlorinated water** knocks off half a day.



For widowed men, the chances of dying are greater in the second year following the loss of a spouse, when their odds are at an increased use of alcohol, tobacco, and other drugs. After six years, his increased risk is negligible.

The inference of parental involvement on mortality is considerable. One person who loses both parents during childhood is seven times as likely as others to commit suicide later in life. Losing one parent (by death or divorce) doubles the risk of later suicide and increases the chances of dying in an accident by 50 percent.

Where to Live

LIFE EXPECTANCY around the U.S. varies by about two and one-half years. It's shortest in the southeast (55 C, Miss., Ga., La., Ala.) and longest in the northern plains (81 Dak., Minn., S. Dak., Neb., Kan., Iowa, Wis.). Longevity seekers: the difference, which shows up as increased cardiovascular disease is men, to low levels of trace minerals in the southeastern soil.

Executive Parks

PROFESSIONAL MEN can expect to live at least 2 years more than the average, while unskilled laborers live 4.5 years less than average.

What About Pesticides?

ON ALEX. FETTERICHES that find their way into our digestive systems, 99.99 percent are natural—that is, they're produced by plants to defend themselves against fungi and animal predators. On average, Americans eat about 1,500 milligrams of natural pesticides per person per day—or about ten thousand times the amount of synthetic pesticides we consume.

To put pesticides exposure into perspective, think of a cup of coffee, which was recently declared perfectly safe even for pregnant women. It's made up of a thousand chemicals, twenty-two of which have been used on animals. Of those, seventeen are known. So there are 15 unknowns of known carcinogens in a cup of coffee—more than you get from pesticide residues in a year.

[continued from page 8] a quart of Eisbauf from Nab and got the Dixie and four or five boys would get drunk off it. Girls went to the pasture then. And they all went to hear Elice, twice, in the audience on the second floor of city hall, and they tried to stifle their hair in diadems, but their fathers wouldn't let them.

"Back then every yard had a long swing in some rope with a raw sack full of seeds," said Porterfield. "We all grew up playing outside. None of the mothers worked, and there was no such thing as divorce. I didn't know anybody who was divorced. Our mothers went to all our ball games. The coaches were really involved in our lives, too. We just did what these people said. There wasn't no two ways about it. We had some smart girls in school, but Vince was the brightest boy. I remember in seventh grade, Vince making all As, my mother saying, 'Why can't you be like Vince?' It was just easy for him. He was always just one step ahead of the pack. He was not a rags-to-riches who would go and get you into trouble, though. Most kids don't need you being with Vince. Foster, the always had a sense of responsibility about him."

We stopped for lunch at a cafe owned and operated by a woman who graduated with Foster and Porterfield and who is married to a pharmacist who is the son of the barber who gave Porterfield his first haircut and presented Mrs. Porterfield with a look that is still etched in a page in his baby book. Over a sandwich, Porterfield said we be attended another funeral the other day and as they lowered the casket he looked down and saw on a marker the name of the doctor who delivered all those Hope boys. "Good lord!" he said. "I'm standing on Dr. Lile's grave!"

But any available measure, until he got to Washington Foster never got a foot wrong, his knees were in perfect form, and he was we're wondering how if that's why he took criticism so hard." Phil Carroll told the Washington Post "We were never aware he was too distant—I guess because he never came in for any criticism in Arkansas."

After Foster's note was placed together and released, Washington fell to self-reflecting introspection about the consequences of the pressure and the visibility at the highest levels of power in

the most powerful town in the galaxy. The system can flash a tenderheart in the face of an eye, but it wasn't designed to kill. As for the press, well, as *The New York Times* pointed out, with the exception of three harsh editorials in *The Wall Street Journal*, the spotlight shined almost on Foster and the criticism was "muted." Further, the Times said that while the Rose Law Firm was poor preparation for the hammering one can suffer as the White House, "it defies credulity to suggest that the Clinton administration has taken anything resembling the pounding from political opponents or from the news media that other administrations have endured."

Time "Vince Foster never had an apprenticeship in the capital. It might have made a difference had he been a congressional aide or served on a department staff."

For God's sake, people, Foster was a genius. What does that have to do with the Times's analysis that the Johnson and Nixon administrations were hampered much harder? What does it have to do with being a Capitol Hill flunky as a kid? These are mitigating factors, but you don't ditch away from the national that irrevocably for lack of experience or over a couple of not-relevant. It brings this up only because I grew so weary reading all these press accounts that now, essentially, we didn't kill him. So he didn't cotton to criticism. So who does?

AS EARLY AS I CAN SEE, the strongest piece of confirmation in Arkansas, of statewide identification, is the Razorback, which is to say the athletic department at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. Fayetteville who can't get Razorback games on their satellite dishes consider their dishes worthless. It is one of the most exclusive college facilities I have ever seen, and Vince Foster was as faithful as any to the school as well as to the alma mater. One May 4 Foster returned to Fayetteville at the invitation of Dean Leonard Sorenson of the law school to deliver the commencement address.

A line or two, perhaps, might have been quoted from Foster's speech in news accounts to the days after he died: "No one ever said on their deathbed, 'I wish I'd spent more time in the office'" is one that held great currency. But you have to see the speech in its entirety from the cultural set of

insight to grasp what he was up to. Dean Sorenson gave me a videotape of the speech. As I watched it once, twice, three times, one haunting thing became terribly clear: Foster spoke the state of his mind on that day in May but, absent hindsight, no one heard the trouble.

When he made the speech, Foster had the Ziegler and Rindes Wood news doves behind him (if they hadn't passed the deputy counsel's scrutiny, Ford and Wood wouldn't have given the President's desk, Foster held himself accountable for knowing the drill). He was back in Washington four days when his attention was called to remanagement in the White House travel office—unsuccessful by choice, before to let the press cover his accommodations out for him. We all pretty much know the tedious rest of it, so let me just cut to the upshot: Clinton took further in the polls, and Foster into them, the porch swing on the house of depression.

Couple of days later Webster Hubbell was before the Senate Judiciary Committee, looking for confirmation as associate attorney general. Up popped the matter of his membership in the Albion Country Club of Little Rock. For a year now, since Hubbell had been photographed golfing there with Clinton, who wasn't a member but who was recently arrested for avoiding himself of the facilities, Hubbell had unsuccessfully searched for African-Americans who would pony up the \$5,000 membership fee. By the end of testimony that afternoon, Hubbell was a former member, as were Foster and McLarty.

Back home, the influence on the link was that Foster or at had, by reappearing, broadened them all racist. They didn't feel like racist, there just weren't that many prosperous Black people around who wanted to play sports with them (there aren't that many Little Rock white boys making six figures, either: it's a tight ship). The club was the link of wealth where Clinton social life for Foster, his family, and closest friends, and here, with a phone call and a summer camping up, he was ordering his wife and children to drive right past the place. Why hadn't they all thought to resign before they came to Washington, Foster learned, so it would be a sacrifice? What had happened to clarity of thought? Had control slid to the president's side as before could take the wheel?

Foster had left his suffering

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THE DEATH OF HOPE BY GREGORY JAYNES

small apartment for a three-bedroom, brown-brick house in Georgetown, but he was still living alone, awaiting the end of the school year in Little Rock. His D.C. housekeeper, Loretta Sears, still later that when she first signed on she found her employer a fairly cheerful man. Taking the stairs down two at a time, he'd respond to her inquiry about his well-being: "Wonderful." But as time went on he seemed to change. She caught him reading the newspaper once, muttering, "Wrong, wrong, wrong." At other times she saw him looking at fearfully photographs: "There's no place like Arkansas," he said. "This sounds so pit."

But then the whole tragedy sounds so pit. It is why the Bill Salton and the Ruth Landreth have staying (in Loretta's case) or leaving (in Loretta's) that something is said and later about Foster's life or dealings or both was still to come out. "You can't have anything to hide in Washington," Foster told a Little Rock confidant. "If there's anything in your personal or business life that can't bear scrutiny, you shouldn't be here." In my own corner in Little Rock and Hope and Fayetteville, I kept asking the Carroll and the Parsons and the Porterfield and the Strickland and a score or two others whether anything, secret or unsecreted, intentional, would ever see the light. They said no. "I'm ready to close the books on the thing and just mean his passing," Phil Carroll told me. "There is no reason to look any further. If there was no final play, there is no way to explain it."

HE BEGAN TO LOSE weight and not the best lines. His friends saw his spine slide. With a constitutional inquiry in the weeks, he looked into hiring an outside attorney for the convoluted affair. He discreetly sought recommendations for psychiatric help and got his Little Rock physician to phone a Washington pharmacy with a prescription for an antidepressant, Doryl. Experts say that if Foster had sought help in person, it could have been life-saving. Psychiatrists can sometimes spot clinical depression. The face of someone enduring a "major depressive episode" can sag as if numbed by revocable; the affected shows a serious lack of orientation or expression, or, as psychiatrists say, has no "range of affect." Look into those eyes, as they say in the South, and you'll see a steel preparing to

leave. At this point, the brain is defenseless of a chemical called serotonin, and a salt of drugs, including Doryl, are generally effective at correcting the balance. If Foster had consulted one of the two psychiatrists whose names were found among his possessions, he may well have been hospitalized and protected. And those thinking of suicide are warned not to take Doryl anyway, but everyone was in the dark about Vince Foster's life.

As it happened, he never really got a chance to start the drug, and undeterred by modern science, the depression did its work on him, destroying his perspective and pushing him to the point where, as doctors say, he "needed to be protected from himself."

You can only speculate as to how Foster kept people from seeing the trouble he was in. Based on what we know about him, he was a compulsively controlled person. Moreover, and the case of Washington, people see one another only for the positions of power occupied. And by that faulty measure, one could have assumed that Foster was as vulnerable. As the "Rock of Gibraltar" for so many people in his life, he may very well have made the same assumption. And then it was too late.

Foster spent a relaxing weekend with his wife and the Hubbells on Maryland's eastern shore two days before it happened. He jogged, learned to the hard, drank white wine, and seemed to be himself. But the theory goes that he probably had made his decision by then, that when opportunity came. With the acceptance of transient deals, all the anger and helplessness are swept away.

I kept thinking about Phil Carroll's "personation" against suicide. "How did the 'loss of life' that insurance lawyers argue about leave Vince Foster? How did the emotional become rational to him? I ring up an old friend, George Howe Cole, who spent ten years and conducted hundreds of interviews to produce a book, *The Sins of the Fathers*, only to learn that it's impossible to know exactly why people kill themselves. "It is the hardest thing to understand," Cole said. "There's a point where you decide there is no alternative. People think it's selfish to kill yourself. What about your family? Well, it's like you're in an Arctic blizzard. You can't see your family. There's forty feet of snow between you and your family. Foster had this sense of letting the Clinton down, of letting the country down.

THE DEATH OF HOPE

He had left Arkansas to practice corporate law in Alaska it would have been easier for him to say "This works, let's go back to Little Rock." But this was different. You've heard of the tunnel syndrome? Foster could see nothing but the light at the end of the tunnel, suicide."

In September a Clinton adviser addressed himself to a lingering question: does tomorrow's Arkansas in Washington, surely the Clinton, if Vince Foster had left Little Rock, would he be alive now? The fellow paused, considering the weight of it. "I'd have to say yes."

THURSDAY, JULY 10, FOSTER was at a sandwich at his desk, told his secretary he would be back, and, as best I can tell, for the first time in his life did not keep his word. He drove to the west bank of the Potomac and turned into a suburban park called Fort Myer, a spot of national land no longer than a roadside rest area, though directly wooded. There, during the Civil War, Federal guns were trained down the Longleaf Pike to hold off the Virginia approach to the capital. Two of the original southern cannons are still in place. Foster took one of the twenty-three parking spaces, walked up the gravel path and through a leafy glade, past the first gun, to higher, more isolated ground. Here the second gun, above the rifle pit and the earthworks, remains the most rifle-dominant. The odds are fully against, man and wild dogs, but in close, and more ride the angry heat of sunlight the leaves let through.

One late summer dawn, I sat on this smooth, hollow, twelve-pounder, as barrel gone green. What kind of summer was it to stand next to a twelve cannon, past your daddy's old age in your mind, and never your mind? Defiance, if that was the symbol, would involve a Confederate gun, wouldn't it? The nearest one of those would be Manassas, I guess, a little too far to travel. When they found him lying next to this gun, his face was pained and confused, his white shirt was stained, and the creases of his trousers were deep enough to slice.

A golden boy exploded. There is nothing else. I felt the park and went home. In the days following, curious friends would ask, so how close did you get to Vince Foster? So close, I said. In Hope, under a full August moon and a lullaby pine. ■

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